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MY TRIP
TO
SOUTH AFRICA

BY

J. FRANK LANNING

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HOOVER INSTITUTION
on War, Revolution, and Peace
FOUNDED BY HERBERT HOOVER, 1919

A Kaffer bride in her wedding dress. The lady sent her lord. master her cattle because she was very fat, this makes the market.

P. C. Riley

compliments of the

Author

April 1911

J. FRANK LANNING.

MY TRIP TO SOUTH AFRICA

BY

J. FRANK LANNING

"Oh lands most strange with thy perfumed zephyrs,
Thy memories are most dear to me."

Elizabeth Aloysius O'Shea.

RICHMOND, VA.:
WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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BY
J. FRANK LANNING

TO....

The good friends whose good wishes I carried with me on my long journey.

My Trip to South Africa.

CHAPTER I.

CAPE TOWN.

Nov. 6.—Word was passed along the deck this afternoon that land was in sight, and the port rail was soon crowded with our South African contingents, eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved "Land of Sunshine," and we were soon able to trace the blue outline of the dome-shaped foothills. There was an element of gladness and sadness in this sight of land. For more than a month this little company of pilgrims have been all and all to each other. We feel to-night almost as if the tears will come when we part company to-morrow. I have given and been given the solemn assurance that "We must 'keep in touch with each other, old man,'" but I know how quickly these "ship friendships" fade. In another forty-eight hours each one of us will have taken up the grind of life. The good ship "Koenig" and her pleasant family will be packed away in the lumber room of memory; but I am sure each one of us will recall some event years hence which will bring before us the face and form of some one made dear to us by companionship on this voyage. Certainly I will often think of Archer and recall his delightfully-told stories of jungle life in Central Africa. My good friend, Wurker, and his quaint German wit over our nightly glass of Munchneur and game of craps at a "ha' penny fade," and just when this picture comes up I will see Hoyer, the Norsman of the company. He was always in the crap game, and one would have thought his future in this world and the next depended upon his winning the shilling, which was usually the table stake.*

And the ladies—God bless them—but I must be careful,

*Some weeks later I saw Hoyer in the drafting room of the Roodeport Deep Mines outside of Johannesburg, and at first I thought he was in another crap game, for the same tense earnestness was in every line of his interesting face.

for somewhere back in the "Vatterland" there is a certain little woman who might call on me to answer some awkward questions if I say too much about them now, or think too much about them in the future. But they were charming, every one of them, and perhaps one or more of them will recall the old days on the "Koenig," and it may be, in speaking to some friend about them, say: "There was a little old stupid man on board, but he could dance, and I used to enjoy being on the floor with him, only he nearly squeezed the breath"—but I think I better not try to finish this speculation. After all, they may never think of me again!

A glorious moon lit up the bay as we made our way slowly into the channel, and at 2 A. M. we dropped anchor. I stayed on deck some time, as the scene was a rare one. The great table mountain back of the city inspired me with a feeling of awe, so black and grim did it appear in the bath of moonlight all about it. The shore has a sweep almost equal to the Bay of Naples and in the semi-darkness resembled it very much. I stopped in the chart-room as I came below and was much impressed by the thought that I was at the end of the earth, and out beyond was the unknown sea. My mind reverted to my boy-time romances, and I went to sleep wondering if, somewhere out there upon the trackless water, old Van der Decken was still trying to drive the phantom ship against the ceaseless head winds his blasphemy had provoked.

I was on deck this morning to find everything in the way of surrounding country blotted out completely by a heavy fog. This turned into a downpour of rain while we were at breakfast, and the unfinished mole at which we were docked presented about as dismal a picture as Georgetown, S. C., would under the same conditions, and there just about the same number of no account niggers as would be found in the latter place. After most courteous treatment by the Custom House (New York ditto, please note), friend Wurker and I got into a cab (also Southern in general appearance) and drove into the city. The hotel was fair, but I would hardly consent to pay sixteen shillings ($4) per day for the same accommodations anywhere except Albany or Troy, N. Y. In fact, I looked up

the name and was surprised to find it was not the "Ten-wix" or "Bensore." The sun came out at noon and by 1 o'clock a howling wind-storm was carrying clouds of dust swirling through the town, which made me wonder if I was not on the lake front in Chicago on one of the "good" days when it does not rain, or *blow too hard* for people to go out. Most of the afternoon was spent in the Consul's office getting information and arranging for passport and permit from the Government official for me to visit and transact business in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

After a due amount of swearing (the unforbidden kind) I was fitted out with the following:

No. 62058.

PERMIT.

To Enter and Reside in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

Name, John Frank Lanning.
(With Christian Names in Full.)
Nationality, American.
Occupation, Com. Traveller.
Last Address, care U. S. A. Consul, Cape Town.
District to which proceeding, Transvaal and O. R. C.

C. Le Murdy,
Issuing Officer.

Place of Issue, Cape Town.
Date of Issue, Nov. 10, 1903.
Authority for Issue, C. L. P. 2756.

This Permit authorizes the holder to enter and leave the Transvaal or Orange River Colony free, and need not be renewed.

This Permit is not transferable, and any person, making use of it, other than the original holder, will be liable to prosecution and to the penalties provided in Section 9 of Ordinance No. 5 of 1903. (See Back.)

Signature of Holder, John Frank Lanning.

EXTRACT FROM ORDINANCE No. 5 OF 1903.

SECTION 9.—Any person who

(1) obtains or attempts to obtain or incites any person to obtain or aids or abets any person in obtaining a permit by any fraud, misrepresentation, false pretense, falsehood or other improper means;

(2) uses or attempts to use or incites any person to use or aids or abets any person in using any permit so obtained;

(3) enters or attempts to enter this Colony on a permit so obtained or on a permit not issued to him by proper authority shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or to imprisonment with or without hard labor for a term not exceeding two years, or to both such fine and such imprisonment.

In the evening Wurker and I went to a vaudeville show where they advertised M'sell "Eloise Jaiinseneki" and her wonderful troop of Virginia Pickaninies. Eliza Johnson was from Virginia all right, but her pickaninies came from Cape Town or the Karoo, and they were about the most stupid aggregation I ever saw outside the "Bijou." This, together with a poisoned atmosphere, thick with the stench of cheap American Sweet Caporal cigarettes, drove us into the street before half the show was over. After a little walk we came back to the hotel and to our rooms for the night. It was somewhat strange not to feel the floor "lift" and hear the swash of waves, after thirty days of these conditions. A feeling of home sickness has come over me to-night, the result of a realization of the distance I am from my loved ones, and perhaps a lingering sadness because of my recent farewell to my "Companie de voyage."

This morning a party of the ship's company boarded the tram car for a ride over the famous Victoria road to Camp's Bay, and it was a ride long to be thought of. The day was simply perfect. The land seemed to smile and the sea literally danced in the radiant sunlight. Our good ship had sailed and her place at the mole had been taken by a freighter, and so she has gone out from our lives; but other interests are awakened,

and she only came in for a passing thought. She was afloat somewhere out there on the beautiful ocean and a "God speed thee" came into our minds as we mentally bade her farewell. We skirted the foothills of the Lion's Head, passed giant boulders big as a house, which looked as if a touch would send them down upon us, and we tried not to think what the result would be. Then came the glorious view of Camp's Bay, with its wonderful color effects in the shallow water, enhanced by the snow-white surf as it broke amid the great boulders which ages ago had tumbled into the sea from the black mountains behind, and have been rounded and made smooth by the constant beating of the endless waters. Those boulders are thrown together in the wildest confusion, and when the tide is out they afford a playground for the people of Cape Town. We spent the morning there, but my eyes kept turning longingly to the Lion Head, with its grim front of perpendicular rock facing the sea. I felt I just had to get up there, although I was told it was considered a dangerous climb. The desire soon got the better of me altogether, and I inspired Wurker to essay the task. We bade good-bye to our friends and were soon "toiling up the way." The first 1,500 feet was rather easy climbing for one accustomed to it, but Wurker had never "hit the trail" before, and when we struck the "real work" his interest began to fag. It certainly was a forbidding looking proposition. I knew there was a trail somewhere, and that it led to where chains had been fixed to help the ascent, but we could not locate it. I decided to make a dash for the summit anyhow, and managed to get about one hundred feet from safety, with Wurker, in wild-eyed terror, about thirty feet below me. I was "struck" and was mightily pleased when Wurker called up to me, for "Gott in Himmel sake, come down"; that he had 60,000 marks to spend before he died and he did not want that amount invested in a tombstone. I looked at him compassionately, and said: "Can't you make it, old man? The worst is over." I know he would not like to see his reply in print, so I will forget it. I was fast getting into a blue funk and was more than grateful to him for giving me an excuse to come down, but I was dead set on making the ascent, and after

getting Wurker pleasantly settled in the shade of a rock, I made another attempt alone. This time I was more fortunate and was soon "shining" up perpendicular rock faces and pulling myself up by chains which had been fixed to help poor climbers like myself to the summit. Two or three times I felt a desire to be down by the rock with Wurker, for the awful silence was about me and the utter "aloneness" which comes to one on a mountain top, and everything forgotten save the one desire. Then came the final effort. Up over a wedge-shaped rock about two feet wide, with a sheer fall of some thousand feet on one side and the same of hundreds of feet on the other, and I was up. What a scene of splendor lay beneath me; the death-like silence of the landslide of the mountain was not even broken by the chirp of an insect, but as I leaned over the cliff facing the ocean the "song of the sea" came up to me in music as grand as ever came from the organ pipes of St. Peter's. And the color scheme—how wonderful it was! The grand sweep of Table Bay, with its beach of snow-white sand; the town with its white houses and blue trees (the foliage of the trees as seen from here are not green, but blue, and are a dark olive when seen near by), back of the town the gloomy face of Table Mountain accentuating the beauty of the town and bay by its uncompromising aspect. The mountain top is perfectly flat and overhangs, leaving a sheer drop of more than a thousand feet in places. Whilst I was feasting my eyes upon the scene the picture was made complete by a white cloud settling upon the mountain top and "spilling over" like a Niagara of snow. At first, filmy as a bridal veil, showing the rock face beneath, no longer black, but purple and beautiful beyond words. In a few minutes Table Mountain had disappeared and there was only a great white cloud hanging over the city. Then I turned to Camp's Bay, that "gem in water color" (no joke intended), and it called to mind a like picture I had looked down upon from the cliffs of Capri twenty years ago. There was the same shading, from the deepest blue to the palest green, while the surf rivalled the clouds above in whiteness. I lay flat on the rock, head and shoulders out over the edge, drunken with the beauty of the scene, unconscious

of the flight of time and the fact that I had had no lunch. When I became conscious once more the red rays of the setting sun had given both sea and mountain a rosy glow, whilst the twilight shadows had begun to gather in the "Kloof." It was a case of hurry if I did not want to spend the night on the mountain or pay for my pleasure with a broken neck. I lost no time in making the descent and boarded the car at the foot of the mountain just as the stars began to twinkle. I got to the hotel to find Wurker organizing a relief party, thinking I had met with some serious accident. He was mad as a wet hen when he found there was no chance for him to win glory, but my enthusiastic account of the trip during our dinner together inspired him and we will make the ascent to-morrow. It is a legal holiday—the King's birthday—so I cannot do any business and I cannot think of anything that will afford us greater pleasure. I regret the loss of to-morrow, for I feel it is about time I was beginning to tell people about "the only Babbitt metal on earth." Sea voyages and mountain climbing are all very well as a side issue and very delightful, but I must see that the wheels of commerce run on cool bearings, and that the original packages bears the stamps of U. S. A.

Herr Wurker and I made the top of the mountain yesterday and were amply repaid for our effort. To-day I have been kept busy trying to get my papers straight so that I can go through the country unmolested. Old "Kurnel" Bingham, the Consul, has gotten me half scared to death with his talk about fifty pound fines and indefinite imprisonment if all the forms are not filled out and duly witnessed and recorded, and the attendant feed paid in. (By the way, I think this is the most important feature of the whole blooming business.) The old "Kurnel" is from Kansas, and I think he has a farm out there that needs fencing. Then, too, I saw his clerk looking wistfully at an automobile to-day.

I have talked myself breathless to-day trying to make these people believe that there is only one Babbitt metal on earth, and that I am here to sell it, but they seem to have heard the same story before, even down here, and they all balked badly when I suggested sending down a carload or two to each one of them.

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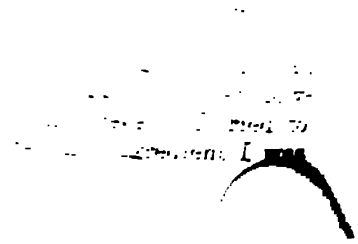
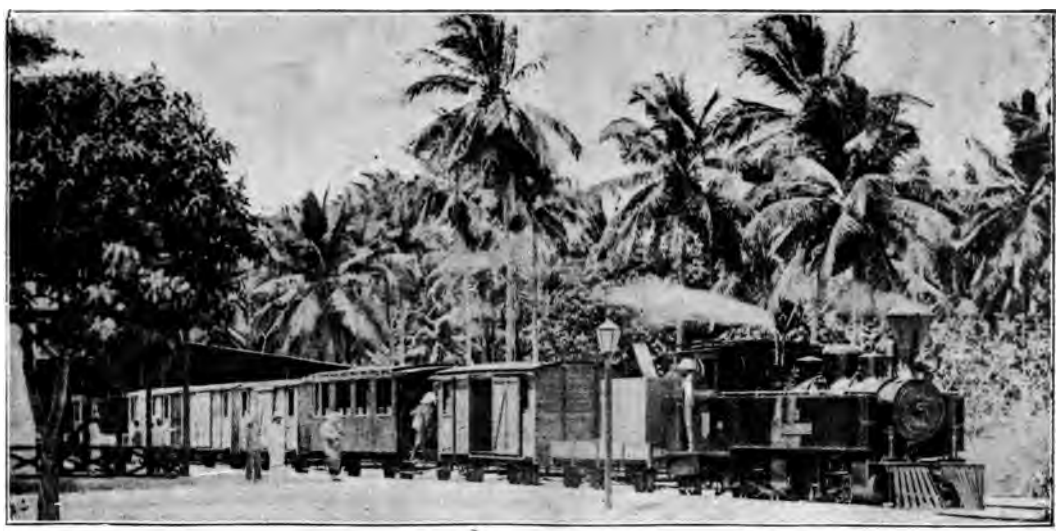




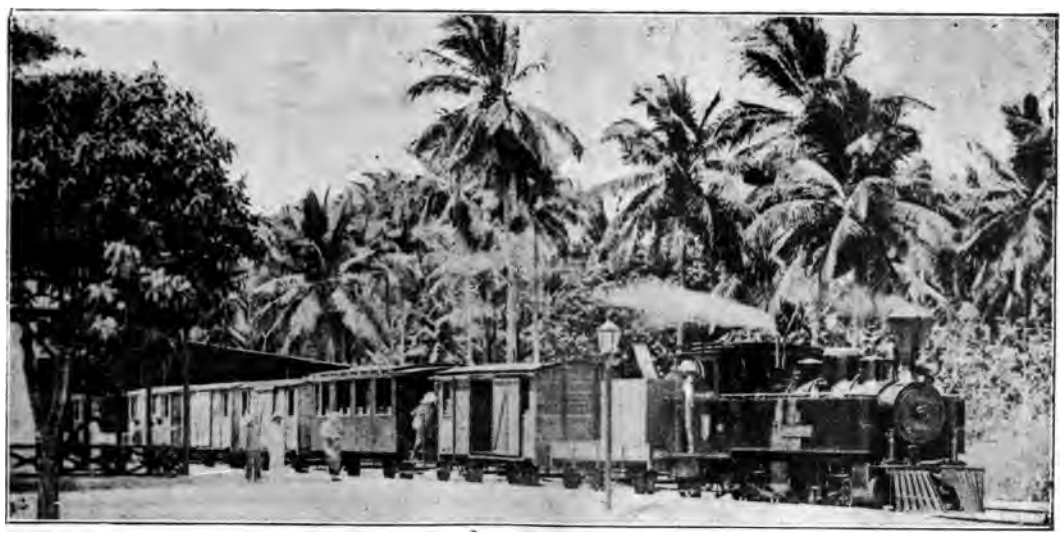
THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.

They seemed to think it would be safer for them to try a hundred weight or so at first, and if it would run a trolley car one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand miles on a set of motor boxes they would talk to me about a half-ton order when the streets of Cape Town were paved with asphalt. I could not see wherein the connection was, but inferred that my chances to get a salary increase on my business here was somewhat slim. However, I got samples in with both the Cape Colony Railroad and Cape Town Tramway Company, and the metal must work out its own salvation. They have a splendid system of tramways here. The cars are well built, the roadbed well kept, and the whole equipment seemed to be quite up to date. The Cape Colony Railroad have their shops here, and they will compare favorably with the D. & H. shops at Green Island or the B. R. & P. at DuBois. In fact, the whole town is progressive, and unless the shipping industry is carried to Durban it will become a great commercial center.

CHAPTER II.

BY RAIL TO KIMBERLY.

I left Cape Town last night at 8:15 for a ride of forty hours, and I entered upon it with fear and trembling, but I am glad to say my fears were not realized. True, we were not on the Chicago Limited on the Twentieth Century Special, but all told it was very fair. The seats were well upholstered with leather, and the train was vestibuled. At 11 o'clock I put my coat under my head and my rug over me and went to sleep. When I awoke this morning we were in the midst of a sand-storm. The view was completely cut off by the swirl of dust. I washed up a little, and at 8 o'clock the train stopped at some kind of a "fontien" (Maggersfontien) for breakfast. We got off and had a very good cup of tea and a chop. The bread and butter, however, would make one forswear them both forever. I tried to analyze the bread, but gave it up. The only ingredient I was



THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.

certain of was the yellow clay. The butter was quite beyond me. It is cold this morning, and I was about near frozen during the night, but it will doubtless be hot enough before the day is ended. Maggersfontien is a funny "city." There are three or four tin huts, one tin house, and the station and refreshment room combined. The latter is a very fine structure, built of stone, and quite well built; but oh! the desolation. Not a green thing to be seen—not even a cactus, and that will grow almost anywhere. The stationmaster told me they had not had one drop of rain in the section for two years. It is even more desolate than a desert would be, because there are some evidences of vegetation having been, but now, alas, no more. Even the stones look blighted and sort of sunstruck, as it were. They call this the "Karoo," and somehow the name fits, for it has a desolate and lonely sound. The battle of Maggersfontien was perhaps the most bitterly contested of any event during the war. It was here that four thousand troops, composed of the Black Watch, Gordons, the Highland Light Infantry, Seaforths and Argyles, under command of General Wauchope, were led into one of the hottest propositions men were ever called upon to face. A captain of one of the companies told me the men were swinging along as best they could in the face of a driving rain-storm, through six inches of sticky clay and enveloped in a darkness thick enough to cut when the very earth seemed to open and vomit shot and shell. So unconscious of danger were they that the officers repeatedly told the men to "hold their Bally Clack." Utter confusion naturally followed, for in less than five minutes nearly one-fourth of the entire force were down and out.

Conan Doyle, in telling of this battle, says: "There is a legend to the effect that when sorrow comes to Scotland the witches' light gleam in the windows of old Edinburgh Castle."

If this be so, the ghostly lights must have shone in every window on this fatal night of December 11th, for over seven hundred victims of this battle were "Highland laddies." It was here the English first realized what they were up against in the person of Cronje, and he made his presence felt, to say the least. Judging from what Captain M. tells me, it was another

"Lord Ragland affair." Somebody blundered, but "theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die."

The mountains on either side of the railroad and the many ridges of rock and kopje look as if they had recently been swept by some fierce volcanic storm like that from Mount Pelee or Vesuvius at its worst, and I tell you it could have been no primrose path, even if the indomitable Cronje had not contested every foot of the way. It made my heart sick to simply look out over the scene from the car window. As we moved farther into the "burnt district" the level country assumed the appearance of the bed of a stream down which an awful flood had swept and subsided. Round river-bed stones, large and small, literally covered the earth, and there did not seem to be soil enough for even the "root of evil" to find a hold upon. In places I noticed what seemed to be a bunch of dried brush, full of vicious-looking white thorns. This, I presume is the Mimosa, and is a most beautiful flowering tree in the springtime, provided, of course, there is any water. Then it bears an exquisite yellow blossom and the whole earth becomes laden with its perfume, but now it looks like the very leafless skeleton of the flower kingdom, and the white, bone-like thorns bear out the illusion.

We have been steadily climbing up the side of the plateau, and the desolation becomes more desolate as we move on. I noticed a new evidence of former life just now in the form of a wild sage bush, or what looks like it, dead, of course; but the guard tells me it is the famous Karoo bush, and that sheep will thrive upon it even in its present state, and that when the rains come (if they ever do) cattle of all kinds literally flourish upon its foliage. A party with us has lived here for some years and he tells me that before the war this place was a rival to Texas as a stock country.

About 3 o'clock we crossed the bed of a one-time river (the Modder). Its sides were deep and gave evidence of having been a fine stream at one time, but it looked like the balance of the land now, baked dry to the center of the earth. We saw here the first of the famous block houses, a chain of which stretched from here for twelve hundred miles across the wilder-

ness. What an undertaking it was to construct them; and what devil's work it must have been to garrison and defend them. These so-called block houses, I find, are in most cases well built, frequently of cut stone, and the Lord knows they had material enough at hand. Farther on I noticed cases where stones were not to be had and the miniature forts were built of sand-filled coffee sacks with the usual conical roof of corrugated galvanized iron. We frequently saw a significant pile of stones standing nearby a block house, and knew it marked the lonely grave of some one's loved one. Some home in "Merrie England," although well watered and well shaded, is to-day quite as desolate as this pitiless, sun-baked Karoo, where the body of the loved ones lie. Surely there never was a more suitable place for war and its horrors than here. Everything is in keeping.

When our train pulled into Beaufort West we found it quite a smart little town of about five hundred. The divisional terminus of the road is here, and there are a number of well-built cottages, quite an imposing spired church, a public library (not so imposing), three trees—*green trees*—nine blades of grass, and one passion flower vine. The nine blades of grass have a high barbed-wire fence around them, and they tell me four niggers stand guard with shotguns, day and night, to see that no harm befalls this, the pride of the town. Shortly after leaving Beaufort we wound around the foothills and came into what evidently had been a beautiful little valley. There was quite an imposing farm house here, and the greatest quantity of cacti. There was one growth of the prickly pear that must have stood thirty feet high. Just as we passed the house a flock, or drove, or bunch (I do not know which is correct) of ostriches gave the train a race for perhaps a mile. Gee whiz! but they can run. I counted thirty-four in this bunch and saw odd lots of from two to seven during the balance of the day. I never knew what made the ostrich feathers curl so beautifully before, but it is all plain to me now. This heat would curl cast-iron casing. Marks of civilization began to show everywhere toward evening. I saw quite a number of goats, and some more goats, about 5 o'clock in the evening as we passed over to the station. The

a Yankee
memory
from time
advertise-
Nestle's
varieties"

from Allegheny. At 11 o'clock we reached Kimberly and found it just a little less attractive than the Karoo.

I called on the American Consul yesterday evening. He is also assistant general manager of the De Beers Mines, and he arranged for me to visit the mines and works of the entire plant to-day, which I have done most thoroughly. I called on Mr. Williams this morning and he gave me a sample order for Babbitt, which, with the prospect of seeing the great diamond industry, put me in quite a pleasant mood.

The diamond mine formations are most curious. They are regular chimneys bored out by some gigantic explosions in the lower world. These explosions have torn their way up through a strata of granite, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, the sides of which are almost as smooth as if they had been bored out by some oil well supply company's machines, only the flow of wealth from this "pipe" is infinitely greater than ever came from an oil well. These funnels, or chimneys, have been filled with a heavy blue clay that has been forced up from below, and it is in this formation the diamonds are found. Since writing the above I have read with much interest the theory advanced by Professor Larkin in regard to the formation of these pits or chimneys. He seems to think there is good reason to believe these great funnels were formed by the falling of giant meteors; that the heat in combination created liquid carbon, the which became diamonds as a result of the impact and subsequent pressure. The theory is picturesque and plausible. This clay is almost as hard as a rock, owing to the enormous pressure that it has been subjected to, but it disintegrates under the action of the sunlight.

We went down into the Kimberly Mine this morning and spent four hours literally in the bowels of the earth, for we were nearly three thousand feet below the surface. It was as weird a scene as I ever looked upon. There were over seven hundred naked savages at work down there, and to see some half dozen of these black imps emerge from a blacker tunnel that has been cut into a still blacker wall, was enough to give one the creeps, not to mention the rumbling sound of a blast, [illegible] attendant rush of air, which made our candle flicker

latter proved to be donkeys, but I declare I thought they were goats when I first saw them. They were the most minute beasts of burden I ever saw.

I was standing on the rear platform watching the sun go down when my attention was drawn to a group of Kaffirs. I turned the glass upon them and discovered that it was a funeral. Just then the train stopped for water and I caught the sound of the weird chant as they lowered the body. The sombre group, the mournful wail, the desolate landscape, with its background of yellow sunset and yellow sunset sky and the yellow kopje, is enough to give one a case of the blues that will last a month.

CHAPTER III.

KIMBERLY.

I thought it was God-forsaken yesterday as I looked out over the scene of the Kaffir funeral, but it was a blooming flower garden compared to my surroundings when I awoke this morning. A sand-storm was raging, and not even a hill to break the dead level monotony. I tell you—well, I was going to say I would not care to live here, but I can write something more sensible. Surely no one would make this their home unless they were afraid of being found. What a place this would be for the Youngers or James brothers, for no one would go far into this country merely in search of a criminal. For my part I would stand trial for the foulest murder rather than face this land of blight. We had breakfast at another fontein. (They are all fonteins here, but devil the drop of water is there at any of them except what is pulled up out of the earth with a Yankee windmill.) And this same breakfast will live in my memory for many a day. Just while I think of it, let me tell you that I have been able to feast my eyes on a familiar sight from time to time. At every little station I found a glaring advertisement of Mellin's Food, Hennesy's Three Star Brandy, Nestle's Milk and a frequent evidence of the immortal "57 varieties"

from Allegheny. At 11 o'clock we reached Kimberly and found it just a little less attractive than the Karoo.

I called on the American Consul yesterday evening. He is also assistant general manager of the De Beers Mines, and he arranged for me to visit the mines and works of the entire plant to-day, which I have done most thoroughly. I called on Mr. Williams this morning and he gave me a sample order for Babbitt, which, with the prospect of seeing the great diamond industry, put me in quite a pleasant mood.

The diamond mine formations are most curious. They are regular chimneys bored out by some gigantic explosions in the lower world. These explosions have torn their way up through a strata of granite, some two or three hundred feet in diameter, the sides of which are almost as smooth as if they had been bored out by some oil well supply company's machines, only the flow of wealth from this "pipe" is infinitely greater than ever came from an oil well. These funnels, or chimneys, have been filled with a heavy blue clay that has been forced up from below, and it is in this formation the diamonds are found. Since writing the above I have read with much interest the theory advanced by Professor Larkin in regard to the formation of these pits or chimneys. He seems to think there is good reason to believe these great funnels were formed by the falling of giant meteors; that the heat in combination created liquid carbon, the which became diamonds as a result of the impact and subsequent pressure. The theory is picturesque and plausible. This clay is almost as hard as a rock, owing to the enormous pressure that it has been subjected to, but it disintegrates under the action of the sunlight.

We went down into the Kimberly Mine this morning and spent four hours literally in the bowels of the earth, for we were nearly three thousand feet below the surface. It was as weird a scene as I ever looked upon. There were over seven hundred naked savages at work down there, and to see some half dozen of these black imps emerge from a blacker tunnel that has been cut into a still blacker wall, was enough to give one the creeps, not to mention the rumbling sound of a blast, with its attendant rush of air, which made our candle flicker

and sometimes go out and leave us in utter darkness; and all this followed by a quiver of the earth that brought to mind the fact that some billions of tons were between us and God's blessed sunlight. Then there was the rattle of rock or earth as it was sent down a chute to one of the lower levels; the grind and groan of the ore cars moving along the dirt-clogged rails to the shaft; the crash of the dump, and the clatter of the empty car as it adjusts itself automatically and is caught by the endless wire, hurried back into the gloomy passage, filled and sent again on its journey to the shaft. I stood and watched several groups of natives at work drilling for blasts and was much interested. The majority of them seemed to be utterly void of any sign of mental activity, although the expression on their faces was rather pleasing, and there was no evidence of discontent. In fact, I have been told the De Beer people deal most humanely with their natives and have no trouble whatever with them. I was impressed, however, by the silence of these people as compared with our Southern negro—the latter makes a noise of some kind whenever he is doing anything. He will even whistle softly when he is out on a hen-house raid, but I did not hear a sound from one of the natives during the four hours I was in the Kimberly Mine. I came up at noon, and after lunch visited the works where the separation takes place. There is a vast compound enclosure of perhaps one thousand acres, and the clay from the mine is spread here and turned from time to time during a period of some fourteen days. By that time it is sufficiently dried to pass through the crusher without clogging the machine, and is then carried into the mill, sent through the crusher, carried by belt conveyor to the great circular vat in which a stream of water is pouring and a series of paddles are revolving. This makes a regular slime which is let off into a sluce, flushed with more water and carried over the vibrators. These vibrators consist of frames about five feet square, covered with a thick coating of "Albany grease." These are placed at an angle of some 30 degrees and kept in lateral motion. As the slime passes over the frames the diamonds and other precious stones are caught and held by this coating of grease. I was allowed to "harvest" one of the frames and gathered eleven fine

stones. Later on I was permitted to amuse myself by lifting my hands full of diamonds and letting them run through my fingers as old Gaspard did the gold in the "Bells of Corneville." The process of gathering the stones is very simple and the source of supply absolutely unlimited. There are several of the so-called "pipes" or "chimneys" opened up and known to be very rich. They tell me if the known deposits were worked to the limit that diamonds would be so cheap that our Chicago aristocracy and the Standard Oil magnates would feed them to their chickens while the Bowery barkeeper would wear double-breasted vests and use "ten karat whites" for buttons—nothing less. But the De Beers Company literally "owns the earth" down here and they will continue to limit the output so as to net their stockholders ten thousand pounds sterling ($50,000) daily. The two mines in operation will produce an average of forty-two hundred karats for each day in the year. I was just thinking what would happen if I owned it! My old friend, John D., would surely have to move over to the East Side. There would not be room enough on Broadway for both of us. No diamonds are cut or sold in the rough down here, and the cut stones are worth about 10 per cent. more than in London or Amsterdam. Every precaution is taken to prevent stones being stolen by the natives, and this precaution has been reduced to a science, for the officials are dealing with the most expert thieves in the world. The natives are brought in on a six-months' term of service, and during that time are not permitted to go beyond the compound, and cannot even speak to relative or friend.

When the term of service is ended they are each given a liberal dose of croton oil and turned out the next day to spend the twelve or fifteen pounds that had become due, supplemented, of course, by their share of the $100,000.00 worth of diamonds they manage to steal each year, despite the fact of a literal "clean shave" in addition to the croton oil. This is not a signal for a riotous time, like pay-day in the coal-fields of West Virginia, where they work short-handed for a few days until they can fill the places of the "razor victims." Down here the natives cannot purchase liquor of any kind at any price, and

the result is the Kaffir uses his savings to purchase a new wife or an extra cow. In time he can retire from active life and enjoy the luxuries produced by the wife or cow, as the case may be. Zulu or Kaffir with ten wives or one hundred cattle (the ratio varies according to the weather) would not change places with King Edward; and if he happens to own both—well, he has reached the danger point, and would own a red necktie and a yellow vest if they could be gotten on the veldt. The day has been one of the most interesting I have ever spent, and Mr. Williams kindly gave me a handful of pretty garnets as a memento of my visit to the great Kimberly Mine.

This is Sunday, but as I must pull out for Bishoff this afternoon I put in the morning going over the battle ground made famous by the siege of Kimberly. I examined with much interest the gun built in the De Beers works for the defense of the town. It was designed by a Mr. George Labran, an American, by the way, and the Ordnance Department at Waterveliet never turned out a more effective weapon. Even the finish of it is remarkable when you think of the disadvantages they labored under. It seems like the irony of fate that Labran should have been killed just a few days after the gun he built, and which saved Kimberly, was completed, but such was the case. A shell from the Long Tom of the Boers came through the wall of the Grand Hotel and burst in his room, killing him instantly. I met a Mr. Murry at the hotel and he told me he was all through the siege and was closely identified with Mr. Labran. He must have been a wonderful genius. In fact, he was, with the exception of Cecil Rhodes, the greatest personal force in Kimberly during the trying days. I am glad to know his work was appreciated in a measure. They buried him with full military honors, the which was supplemented by some thirty shells fired by the Boers into the funeral escort as a contribution to the event. It was unpardonable, and taken together with what little I have seen and been told of the Boers, it had a tendency to lessen the very high opinion I had entertained of them as well as to curtail my wealth of sympathy for them.

The condition of the people here during the four months'

siege must have been pitiful. They tell me that ninety-eight out of every one hundred children under two years of age died during that time, and the death rate among the older people was fearful. The town itself does not show any evidence of the bombardment, but that is not to be wondered at. The houses are one-story affairs, except right in the heart of the town, and that has been built since the war. They, too, are scattered over a wide area—a God-forsaken place at best.

CHAPTER IV.

ACROSS THE VELDT.

Herr Wurker and I left Kimberly at 2:30 yesterday afternoon in one of the famous veldt postcarts and reached Bishoff at 8:30 P. M., where we put up for the night, but before finishing with Kimberly let me describe the hotel room we occupied. In the first place, let me say it was the "Gladstone," and I don't believe the "Grand Old Man" will ever rest easy in his grave so long as this place stands and bears his name. The hotel proper was full, so we had to bunk in one of the outhouses, and it came near being an "outhouse" truly. In this were two cots (extra small size), one small washstand, a still smaller table, one chair of doubtful stability, and a candle. Cost of all this luxury with such scoff (South African for grub) as we had served us, $4.86 per day. I also bought some post cards here at the rate of 6¼ cents each. I do not see how these people can get along on such small returns on their original investments. A glass of beer, 24 cents; whiskey and soda, 36 cents; the pencil I am writing with 12 cents, and everything in proportion. In fact, I am shy about drawing an extra breath, for I am sure if I got caught drawing it it would cost a quarter. But I am away from Kimberly and have my pocket-book and a few loose coins left, so I should be thankful.

The postcart we came away on is one of the institutions here. It is a high, double-seated, two-wheeled nightmare, drawn by

from four to eight donkeys, with one of the ass tribe on the box to drive. We went along the first stage without seeing anything of interest except a few meer cats and ant hills, but when we changed donkeys the new team did not seem to please the other ass, and then began a series of the most awful oaths I ever listened to. I made a note of a few so I could use them in case I should get desperate at any time. The first noticeable expletive, accompanied by the swish of a twenty-foot lash over the lead mule's rump, would have taken the skin off a Harveyized steel safe if it had been an Harveyized steel safe. As it was, the mule only wagged his tail, but when the full force of the awful word "Unquar" struck him he got a move on quick. Then followed "Hoo," "Chu," "Hiat," "Zook," "Attah," "Runt," "Gish," Abtar," and "Ouck." Occasionally he would use an awful unpronounceable word, but he was sparing with this, for he evidently was afraid it would cause a wreck.

About 8:30 we got into the city of Bishoff. It consists of a church, a hotel (may I be forgiven for this), about nine houses, and general desolation. Wurker tried to be funny here and said it was a pity they could not use "general desolation" for building purposes. After we had looked over the room we were booked for the night in, I ventured on the remark that they evidently had in this particular case. The landlord, another licensed robber, fixed up a lunch for us, consisting of cold meat of some description, boiled milk, last year's butter, and some bread. I asked the landlord why he boiled the milk and he said "to keep it fresh," and Wurker turned to me and said: "It is a tem shame they don't poil der butter." The bread was a mystery for quite a while; in fact, until we left the town the next morning. We then saw where they were grinding up one of the kopje; we already had discovered the Portland cement feature.

I thought the outfit at Kimberly was fierce, but it was a sort of Windsor Palace compared to the den we had here. The furniture consisted of a pair of cots (they always put two cots in a room, and I believe would do so if it were only thirty-two inches wide; they would then have one on top of the other), an uncer-

tain piece of glass nailed to the wall, a broken pitcher, cracked bowl, and a wobbly chair. This room, the outfit and supper, lodging and breakfast (same as supper) cost us $5.25, no discount. But then, of course, we had the scenery.

We were up and away with a flourish and a few "Attahs" and "Hiats" at 6 o'clock this morning, and this will be a day I will remember to the end of time. We have traversed seventy-three miles of country that for utter forlornness cannot be surpassed anywhere, and yet I never spent a more interesting day. It was bitter cold when we started out, although the sun shone with a radiance that was simply dazzling, but it was all light and no heat. I got out my grip and put on everything in the way of clothing except my night gown, and then was near about frozen. About 11 o'clock I had begun to peel and at 1 o'clock I would have had everything off, only Wurker said he was modest. But what a dream day it has been! Hundreds and hundreds of Springbok and Blesbok stood within a few yards of us until the driver would crack his whip, and then all we could see was a lot of yellow and white flashes disappear over the horizon.

I thought a Texas Jack rabbit could run, but compared with the South African Springbok he is a regular Republican trust-busting reform, he is so slow. I have often heard of hitting only on the high places, and I saw it done to-day. We drove slowly past one bunch and I counted fifty-two before they broke, but when they got going they simply made a streak across the landscape. How they get around and over the countless thousands of ant hills in their wild run is a mystery to me. I was much interested in watching the antics of the little ground animal known here as the meer cat. I cannot see why they call it a "meer cat," for it is a "meer squirrel," exactly like our gray squirrel, except these little beggars have turned brown from burrowing into the red clay instead of knot holes. They have the broad tails and set upon their haunches, and no doubt would be glad to have a peanut thrown to them, for I do not know what they find to eat in this desolate land. There seems to be thousands of them, and they serve a purpose, in that they break the dead monotony for the tired traveler. There is scarcely any bird life—a specie of plover, which is extremely dainty,

both in color and build, and a smaller bird, something like our wren. We disturbed a number of flocks of wild guineas and sent them scurrying over the veldt to the accompaniment of their discordant cry, but we did not hear the "buckwheat" that is such a familiar call of the barnyard guinea. We also saw a number of strange birds with some beastly unspellable and still more unpronounceable name, which were very interesting. They were feather-marked very much like the guinea, but were larger and the male bird had the most beautiful crown-like formation of feathers around the head. These birds were usually seen in pairs, and when disturbed would rise on the wing much like prairie chicken, and when about one hundred feet high would execute the wildest ærial gymnastics, acting as if their wings were broken. They would make a fluttering fall of ten to twenty feet and then sail downward. All the time they are in the air they give utterance to the most unmusical cry I ever listened to. Combine the voice of the Coney Island "herald" with a peacock that has a cold and you will have it near about.

Picture in your mind an almost trackless waste, treeless, grassless, flowerless, with only the ant hills in the way of natural scenery, and the skeleton of some slaughtered animal gleamly, ghastly white in the glaring sunlight—these are relics of the tide of war which so recently swept along this same trail to Bloomfontein.

It was altogether a strange world. After we had driven for more than an hour, and were fully eight miles from Bishoff, one would have wagered any amount of money on the distance not being greater than a half mile. Then came the mirages—and how can I describe them? We would look out over a stretch of land where there was nothing but countless heaps of ant hills and a herd of antelope; turn the glance aside and look again, then wonders of wonders; there would be a mountain towering to the clouds, its sides to the summit covered with a forest of the greenest of green trees; perhaps mountains and forests would be reflected on the placid bosom of a grand lake. Then again we would see a majestic river sweeping along between shaded banks, and where breaks would come between

the trees we could see the sparkling water as clearly as I ever saw the water of the Chesapeake Bay. Again we would see fine farm houses with trees shading them all around, and a longing would come to us to "outspan" there and go to the springhouse and drink milk; but when we would reach the point where all these beautiful things appeared we found nothing but ant hills. Mr. Murray, at Kimberly, told me those South African ants were a "great people." He says they have regular United States armies in those dome-shaped structures; that they vote; have a protective tariff, and one specially progressive community is known to have a Tammany Hall organization, but Murray is Irish, and this is an Irish yarn. I never saw anything like these ant hills. They are from two to four feet high and just the shape of a Kaffir hut. There are millions of them. We passed over miles of country to-day, and as far as we could see these heaps were piled up, and often not more than six or eight feet apart.

We passed the ruins of many farm houses, sometimes with only one wall standing, again the ruins would be only roofless. At one place the farmer had returned. A tent was pitched and he was busy rebuilding his home with sun-dried bricks one foot square. We waved our hands to him in salutation, but he thought we were English and his only answer was an angry frown. Until nearly 4 o'clock we only passed three places where we saw a human being, and only one place where we could even get a drink of water. We were literally parched by this time—lips cracked and bleeding, eyes smarting and throat dry. Wurker said his face felt as if it did not fit him, and mine was the same, only I kept my tongue from my lips and they were not so badly split as his were. At 4 o'clock we came to a general store, and the first thing we saw was a sign that said "Alsop's Beer." Wurker threw me into a fit by saying, "Iss dos ein mirage?" But it was the genuine thing, and it is needless to tell you we lost no time getting on the outside of a liberal supply. We were much refreshed, and at 7:20 we drove into the capital of the Orange River Colony.

CHAPTER V.

BLOEMFONTEIN AND THE O. R. C.

Bloemfontein is like all these South African towns, only the people here have made some little effort to plant trees and make something of the town. It is rather a serious undertaking, for the beginning and end of everything here seems to be dust. The town is situated in a cup-like formation, with a series of kopje all around. Overlooking the town, on the face of one of these hills, the British encampment is located. There seems to be quite a force, to judge from the number of buildings, and the town was full of the Kiaki. There are quite a number of imposing shops here. Many of them show a beautiful line of ladies' summer dress goods and some late creations from Paris in the way of millinery.

A bed of a stream runs through the town, but the only evidence of a river now is one lonesome, green, slimy pool giving off miasma enough to kill a colony. I asked a man why they did not draw it, and he said they were leaving it for a "nest egg." We found a very decent hotel here—fair rooms, good table, etc.—and rested well after our 100-mile "trek" over the veldt. Prices are kept up just a shade higher than at Bishoff. I thought we had reached the limit, but there is no certainty what will happen next in the way of prices in this country. Some great writer or thinker once said, "There is a reason for all things," and I figure it out this way: These people must have something, and as nothing else is available they have high prices. I might mention, in passing, that they seem to recognize their many shortages and do their utmost to make up for it in their one blessed prerogative.

We boarded the train at Bloemfontein at 2:30 P. M. for Johannesburg, and in a little while we were clear of the blighted country and began to see a little green from time to time. At Brantford Mr. Rosenthal came down to see us at the station, and it was a most welcome visit. He was shipmate with us, and a most charming fellow.

About 5 o'clock this evening we stopped at Sand River. I

noticed quite a pretty monument just a short distance from the station and as the engine was taking water I walked over to look at it. I found it was erected to L. I. Seymore by his friends and comrades. On the face of one side is cut: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend." Seymore was an American engineer who lost his life in an effort to carry ammunition to the hemmed in forces at this point. I was fortunate enough to meet one of his friends and comrades on the train and was entertained by the full story of the fight and rescue. Tears filled the eyes and choked the voice of the narrator when he told of Seymore's death. They have further honored him by changing the name of the station from "Sand River" to "Virginia." The new signboard was standing against the station wall and will be put up in a day or two. It is a desolate place, and little did he think when he left the wooded heights of Albemarle, with its green fields in the valley below, its song birds and restful home pictures, that his body would find its last resting place on the lonely veldt—instead of the Blue Ridge, with its shade and color—a rock-strewn and barren kopje; instead of the grass-grown valley and companionship of people, the sun-baked veldt, and his only companions the meer cat and the ant. I find my eyes getting moist when I think of it.

I did not sleep well last night; the car was crowded, hot and dusty and noisy, and everything else that tended to discomfort. I got up at 3 o'clock and stood for a long time on the platform watching the wonderful picture of the heavens, Many of my old friends were shining with even an added brightness. The Pleides looked like stars of the second or third magnitude, and Orion was a perfect blaze. Vega shone like Venus when she is the Evening Star, and the Southern Cross swung in its wonderful circle. I tried to pick out some of my old friends among the stars I had known twenty years ago when I was in this Hemisphere, but could not locate many of them. Somehow the Southern Cross does not look familiar. It seems to have been brighter then than now, but perhaps my eyes have become dimmed by the years that have gone. I must

not dwell on this or I will find myself growing sentimental and homesick.

CHAPTER VI.

JOHANNESBURG.

We reached Johannesburg at 8:30 this morning and found a room at Long's Hotel. Outfit the same as described before, only we had the diversion of climbing four flights of stairs to reach our "clothes press." Price one pound per day each, and I offered Wurker two shillings extra if he would allow me to get in and undress first so I could take off my shoes in the room. Wurker had to take his off on the outside, as there was not floor space enough for both pair. However, the menu was very fair and we will pull through all right, but Wurker says "donner wetter" every time we go up to our room. My utterances at the same time contain only three letters, but it is more expressive. I find the usual prices prevail here for everything, with perhaps a shade less than at Kimberly and Bloemfontein.

This is a typical mining town of scattered and irregular houses, streets unpaved, and every puff of wind raises a cloud of dust that is simply blinding. I find conditions here a marked improvement over Kimberly, and no doubt this will be a great city some day. There are a number of splendid shops and several fine office buildings, both finished and in the course of construction. The iron frame-work of one, nine stories high, is standing, and one would almost imagine oneself on Broadway. The post-office is an imposing structure, and there are three fairly good theatres. Shafts are sunk right in the city, and from my window as far as I can see the frame work of mine heads are in evidence. They, together with the whole mine working, make a picture just a shade less hideous than a coal mine, kulm bank and pit head. Everything is gold here. They think gold, talk gold, dream gold and would eat and drink gold if it were possible. This latter condition is most unfortu-

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nate, for it would be so much less expensive than beef and beer. Every one is here for the possible wealth that is to be gotten. Even Englishmen speak of the time when they can get back to "God's country," meaning London, with its mud and fogs—and when that can be spoken of as God's country you can form some idea of what this is. In view of the exorbitant prices paid for everything here, I was interested to know something of the salaries paid. I find bookkeepers get from $125.00 to $175.00 per month; salesmen from $150.00 to $500.00 per month; saleswomen from $60.00 to $125.00 per month; skilled mechanics $5.00 to $7.50 per day; white labor $2.00 and black 50 cents per day. The cost of clothing, except shoes and stockings, which are somewhat higher, is about the same as in the States. Rent of room, unfurnished, $20.00 to $50.00 per month; furnished, $40.00 to $100.00 per month; a five-room cottage $75.00 to $125.00 per month; eight and ten-room houses from $200.00 to $500.00 per month; cabs (of the Bowery night-hawk type) $1.75 per hour or $20.00 per day. There is a mule car line, with three horses to each car, across and around the city. You would think the old Jefferson-Avenue line in St. Louis had unloaded the stock they had, which was only fit for firewood and old iron. Now, to ride across the city in one of these flying machines costs 12 cents, if you do it before sundown; after dark, 18 cents, and between 11 and 12 P. M., 24 cents. But even here the law of compensation holds good, in that niggers are not allowed on them at any price. I wonder what our swell coons from the States would think if they got bounced off the street cars and were not allowed to walk on the pavement, but had to hoof it in the middle of the street? Yet such is the case here, and the Mason and Dixon line does not run anywhere in the neighborhood, either. Really the condition of the negro is so pitiful here that I am sorry for them.

The ricksha is one of the institutions of the place, and will interest the stranger quite as much as the mining industry and laundry bills. I mention the latter because my wash has just come in. It consists of five pair cuffs, eight collars, three pair socks, two shirts, one night shirt, two suits of underwear and

eight handkerchiefs; bill for same, $3.15. I asked the man on what basis he would settle and keep the bundle. He said he thought it would be about right if I would give him three shillings, as he might get ten shillings for the lot at auction. The ricksha is a light-weight, two-wheel vehicle with a pair of shafts and canvas top. The "boys" are mostly Zulus, and as a rule are men of the grandest physique; tall and straight as a Georgia pine, and the physical proportions are almost perfect. But the unique part of the whole outfit is the style of dress. A comic opera costumer could get "creations" here that would make his fortune. I had my photo taken in one yesterday and shall immortalize it by christening it "The Devil in Harness." The boy was dressed in short white cotton pants and a sleeveless jacket of the same material. These garments were trimmed with a number of red bands about three-fourths of an inch wide around the bottom of the pants and arms and bottom of jacket. The pants had a further decoration consisting of a fringe of red bands attached to the bottom and hanging about one-half way down to the ankle. The leg proper is painted with heiroglyphics from the knee to the ankle. Around the ankle there is usually a number of copper or brass bands, or a string of shells. This latter ornament makes rather a pleasing sound as the boy runs along "the fare." The arms are free from paint marks and look as if they had just been oiled. Around the wrist will be found a leather strap quite often, but more frequently the regular Kaffir bracelet. I asked one of the boys why he had the strap around the wrist. His reply was the same as I have had from our own niggers many times—that is, "it makes me strong." But the "piece de resistance" is the head dress. These are simply wonderful to behold. The boy I had photographed was rather modest, for I wanted people to see me as well as my team, but you will note the horns are there all the same. Many of them have great bunches of grass made up into regular vari-colored hay stacks and fixed upon their heads. Then again there will be a piece of hide, with the hair on, fixed between a pair of horns and allowed to hang down the back. This is very picturesque, and, using these various schemes in combination, there are some decorations

evolved that, as I say, would make a fortune for some theatrical costumer.

This is Thanksgiving Day and is certainly a contrast to what they are having at home. In the first place, it is well into the summer season and the weather is quite warm. Instead of the leaden sky and the driving snow-storm, the chill winds and winter desolation, we have enjoyed a sky as blue as ever bent over the Bay of Naples, and the recent rains have laid a carpet of the greenest grass to gladden the eye, when one looks out over the veldt, but "it is not my own native land." I would gladly exchange the blue sky for the leaden and the green grass for the snow-covered streets of New York if I could be with my loved ones to-day and enjoy a turkey wing and pumpkin pie. Mr. Duncan, my messmate at the hotel, is in the commission business, and he furnished some special dishes in honor of the day. We had cucumbers, green corn on cob, new potatoes, and wound up the feast with a piece of watermelon that would have made a Georgia nigger show every tooth in his head. We had a jolly time at dinner, and I recalled with much pleasure last year, when I was the guest of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Liverpool. On both occasions a toast was drank to the Stars and Stripes because I was present, and I in silence lifted my glass to the "little wife" awaiting in Hamburg, to the "old sweetheart," and to my brother far off in Chicago, to the other brother in St. Louis, and my many friends in America, England and the Continent. May God be with them till we meet again.

CHAPTER VII.

PRETORIA.

Wurker and I came to Pretoria Friday evening, intending to stay until Monday, and thereby have plenty of time to see the place. Well, we started out this morning to drive out to "Wonder Bohm," a wild fig tree of some note about forty

minutes from town. The Boer ex-commander-in-chief, whom we asked a rate from, informed us his price was thirty-five bob (about $8.75) for the trip. I walked around the outfit, examining it carefully, and then said: "If you will repair the harness and give the wheels a coat of yellow paint, with red stripes down the spokes, I will take it." The satire was entirely lost, as was also the trip to the tree. It was the sorriest looking rig I ever laid eyes on at any price. I noticed the driver had a plated collar-button on in lieu of any further neck ornament, and it was the only thing about the whole outfit that had a commercial value.

So far as the town proper goes we saw it in about thirty minutes after our failure to strike a bargain with the liveryman. Twenty-five years ago I thought Washington was about the "sorriest national capital" on the face of the earth, but Pretoria goes it one better. Just as the Capitol building was all of Washington in those days, so also is the Capitol and Hall of Justice all of Pretoria. The streets look very much like the road-bed between Chase City and Boydton. (The road commissioners had a row and there has been no repairs made within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.) With the exception of a few patches there is not even a sidewalk. The few business houses look dirty and lifeless. We went out to Kruger's old home, but could not work up any sentiment on the subject. I have no respect for a man who could kick up a row over such a God-forsaken country.

Had I been in his place and the English had announced their desire to own it, I would have said, "Bless you, my children, make this your home always," and then I would have gone off to some quiet place and rejoiced to think how I had evened up things with the "hated Englisher," at least. If I had to live here I would want a monument at the very earliest possible moment, and I would specially request that my tomb be made dustproof.

We went out for a walk this afternoon, and while we were out a storm came up. Before the rain began we had swallowed dust and sand enough to pan out seventeen pennyweights of gold, if it had been regular "reef product." When we reached

the hotel we were naturally very thirsty, and Wurker suggested a bottle of German beer. We did not ask the price, and when the bar-keeper handed him six shilling change out of a ten-shilling piece I thought he would drop dead. He did not draw a full breath for three minutes and got purple in the face. As soon as he could speak he said, "I dink ve vill drink dis slowly."

We got up this morning quite early, and after breakfast walked down to Kruger's old church. Service was going o so we did not go in, but I noticed the old Dutch Reform style of seating the worshippers—the women on one side and the men on the other. Service was being conducted in Dutch, and from the style of the speaker I inferred that he was giving somebody the dickens, but I could not tell if it was the devil or the English. At 2:30 we boarded the train for Johannesburg, and I will never say an unkind word of the place again. After Pretoria it is like New York after Jersey City.

There seems to be considerable excitement about the hotel because of the exploitation of a new diamond mine near here. The "exploiter" claims that he picked up a water bucket of "stones" laying around loose and that the "New Premier will make the Kimberly field look like a tickey" (the English silver three pence), but I am not buying any stock in it.*

There has been a thunder-storm every evening since we left Bloemfontein. This evening there was one to be remembered. Clouds had been gathering since noon, and just as we reached the hotel (about 5 P. M.) the storm let loose. Sharp flashes of lightning, followed instantly by peals of thunder which shook the very earth, and then the downpour of rain. The streets were flooded from house to house. The storm continued unabated until sundown, and then a scene was presented never equalled by anything like it that I have ever looked upon. The clouds broke in the west and a moment later they were a yellow blaze, with a stretch of the rarest blue along the sky-line. In the east the storm clouds were still thick and as black as ink, while from north to south, spanning the heavens and reaching to the zenith, was the most glorious rainbow ever beheld. Below

*It was from this mine the great 3,200 carat stone was taken some months later.

the rainbow and down the eastern horizon the flashes of lightning continued to cut like swords of fire through the pall of blackness. I watched it until the last bit of color had faded, the last sound of thunder had ceased, and the quiet stars came out undisturbed by the fierce battle that had raged beneath them.

My friend Wurker* left me for Cape Town this evening and I will miss him sadly. We have been boon companions for two months, and I have grown fond of him, but we pilgrims are really "ships that pass in the night." One forms very close friendships on a long voyage, and I have a number made in this way. I would have been quite unhappy left alone here if my good friends and messmates, Duncan and Proctor, had not invited me to the theatre. The show was quite good—a musical comedy, or rather a comic opera, called "The Old Guard." There was a sort of "Me and Nap" comedian in it, and he was exceptionally clever. It is late and I must get to bed, as I am doing some hard work during the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN IN A GOLD MINE.

I went out to the "Durban Roodesport Deep" Mine last night. My roommate, coming down on the "Koenig," is the head surveyor at this mine, and I was his guest at dinner, after which we spent four hours in the bowels of the earth. Mr. Hoyer met me at the station and we drove to his hotel. This I found to be a typical mine boarding house, but the dinner was specially good, and as I had been climbing over tailing banks and gear heads all day I enjoyed it. We hurried out when dinner was finished and in a few minutes were equipped with a canvas suit, old shoes, old hat, and a half dozen candles.

*Editor's Note.—A recent letter from Mr. Lanning states that his friend, Wurker, joined an expedition in German East Africa soon after leaving Johannesburg, and was killed and eaten by Cannibals two months later.

We then climbed over all sorts of rubbish banks, broken iron and old beams until we reached the pit mouth. The bucket was drawn up and we piled into it. This bucket is about four feet wide, three feet deep and six feet long, open at the end and held by a regular bail, to which is made fast an inch wire rope running over a pulley and wound on a drum in the engine room. At the frame entrance a pull cord is fixed by which bell signals are conveyed to the engineer. I was instructed to climb down to the bottom of the bucket, which I did with the loss of several square inches of tissue. Safely at the bottom I got out a candle and lit it, whilst signals were made that we were all ready. We started down with a rush that convinced me the rope had parted and that we would reach the bottom, some three thousand feet below, in about three seconds, and I figured the loss of a little skin was but a simple thing to what would happen when the cage stopped. To add to my confusion my candle promptly went out, and, as Hoyer had not lit his, we were in a darkness that would have made a finished grave seem like a June day in Buffalo. I was expecting the dull thud, and had asked Hoyer if there was any provision made in the way of a new bucket in which our remains could be brought to the surface for decent burial, when a still more terrifying move was made. Up to that time we had simply fallen straight down, but now the cage seemed to have started off at right angles, and I was expecting it to continue on through the next claim. I did not see how a matter of some two miles of granite rock and gold quartz was going to check our mad flight. Just as I decided the final crash was about due I felt the speed slacken and in another moment we came to a standstill at the opening of the "middle level." We had made the journey of 2,100 feet in forty-six seconds, and perhaps you may not think it, but I can assure you it was highly sensational.

We left the cage and walked through the main drive tunnel to shaft No. 2, and then took another wild plunge for 500 feet. We were then at the lower working level, and, at the end of the tunnel leading from this opening, we found the work going on. The gold-bearing reef shelves sharply from the surface to an unknown depth. In the R. D. Mine they have made

experimental borings to 3,100 feet and still find rich quartz. Hoyer asked me if I felt equal to the climb to the level above through the drift. I assured him that in the light of my recent experience I felt that I bore a charmed life and was prepared to face anything in the way of mine terrors. I only wish I could convey to you some idea of what this journey was like. Imagine, if you can, a shelving rock above, seemingly held up from a rock below with a corresponding pitch by pieces of round firewood cut the right length for medium-sized stove. In other words, the upper rock had the appearance of being held up by pieces of wood about thirty inches long and from six to eight inches in diameter. This was cut through from the middle level 500 feet above, and at a uniform width of sixty feet. We had to use these pieces of wood as a sort of ladder, and I kept begging Hoyer to be careful, for I felt sure if he kicked some of these supports out and the something less than a mile of earth came down on us, that we were likely to be bruised in places. He comforted me as best he could by assuring me that the bruises and other injuries would be quite painless, and after thinking it over I decided he was about right. There would not be enough of one part of the body to feel where the other part was hurt.

The "Natif Niggers" were down here in droves, working like beavers cutting their way through this awful nightmare; for that is what it will always seem to me when I think of it. I would have given ten dollars if I could have gotten a flash-light picture of the scene. I could not repress a small, but none the less satisfying, sigh of relief when I crawled out at the top and could stand erect once more. There was not much more to be seen. The workings are about the same as at Kimberly, and after watching the ore cars load and start on their journey upward we climbed into our box, and about the time I was well settled in the bottom of it the box was at the top of the pit, having spent four hours in the weirdest excursion I have ever taken. My first expression after leaving the hell-hole was "poor niggers." It is late now, and I am sorry, for I want to tell you something about the awful condition of these worse than slaves. Will make it the subject of special mention *later on.*

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT IN TOWN.

Saturday night in Johannesburg is well worth seeing. The weather was perfect and I sallied out after dinner to do the town. There was no wind to send the dust sailing, and one of Kipling's specially prepared South African full moons to light up the scene. I went down through the market house, a covered building about 200 feet long. Stalls were ranged along each side of the way, and I could scarcely believe it was only three weeks to Christmas when I saw new potatoes, new tomatoes, green corn, new onions, green peas, and, most interesting of all, a big fat watermelon. With the number of negroes around and the nature of the product, I could almost imagine myself back of the Monticello Hotel, at Norfolk, on a Saturday night in July. As I left the building I came upon a group of the ubiquitous Salvation Army with the drum and the cornet in full action. I waited long enough to hear one of the soldiers make a charge on the redoubt of sin, and I was surprised to note the intelligence of his utterances. There was none of the usual cut-and-dried phrases, and, in fact, I have listened to a far less able sermon from a well-ordained pulpit. Preaching of various types seemed to be the order of the night. One fellow was on the temperance question, and his was a field that is surely ripe. I am satisfied that there is more whiskey drank in Johannesburg per capita than in any other spot on earth. Four of the corners were occupied by what seemed to be independent branches of Christian workers, and one fellow was defending the mission work among the Kaffirs. He went on to state cases where, influenced by divine grace, the Kaffir boy had been known to return a pair of socks (with holes in, no doubt,) which he had stolen, and another case where he had pinched two pounds of sugar and came back and worked for the man two weeks for nothing to settle the account. Mr. Duncan was with me; he has been with the Kaffir for the past twenty-two years, and claims to know them well, and he assured me that, upon close investigation, times would have been found hard, and the coon

was glad to get something to eat during his period of penance. We stopped at each of the preacher's stands for a few moments and were surprised in each case by the very high intellectual order of each speaker. And what a city of contrasts it is! Passing back and forth within sound of the preachers' voices were crowds of the "Nymph du Pave" (the town is simply infested with them, and one cannot walk the streets without being importuned to such an extent that it becomes a nuisance), and more besotted wrecks only waiting for the turn of the tide to toss them hopelessly in the rocks of utter ruin. One of the preachers was interrupted by a drunken beast who wanted to take the preacher's place. The light shone on both faces and it was one of the greatest temperance lectures ever presented. The one man, clean, erect, clear-eyed and with a face wholly free from the lines of evil passion; and the other, with the stains of the gutter upon his clothes and the marks of utter degradation in every line of his face and in every sound of his voice. What a commentary it was.

There is only one street in the town that is paved at all, and that for only two blocks. Saturday night this seems to be a sort of Piccadilly Circus. Not even a ricksha was allowed to invade this sacred (or profane would be properly speaking) precinct. It is such a contrast to the other streets that I am surprised they do not fence it in and sell tickets for the grand promenade. I came back to the hotel at 10 o'clock to find two shipmates had called during my absence. Was sorry to miss seeing them, but the streets of Johannesburg on Saturday night was more entertaining by far.

CHAPTER X.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

My work was about finished up yesterday, and to-day I accepted an invitation from Mr. Dewar, of the Bonanza Mine, to follow the process of extracting gold from the mine to the ingot. It was very interesting and quite incomprehensible to the layman. I saw a big tank, which they told me contained the cyanide solution; then more tanks high up and filled with

what looked like building sand, and it was being covered with the cyanide solution. This, I was told, was stirred up from time to time, and the cyanide dissolved the gold. It is drawn off afterwards—in eight hours if the rock had been pulverized; two days if it is heavy. About 90 per cent. of the gold is taken in this way from the crushed stone, and the next move is to extract it from the solution. This is done by passing it down the middle of a series of hoppers filled with shaved zinc. An amalgamation takes place and the zinc mixture is then taken to the smelting works, mixed with umbrage and charcoal and melted in a fierce heat. This leaves a lead button as it is called, and a pot full of glass-like slag. This button is taken off and submitted to another burning, which sends the lead up in smoke and leaves a lump of black stuff that you would call anything but gold. This in turn is assayed, pigged and passed through the various banks for England. Mr. Dewar kindly gave me a small quantity of virgin gold which I will keep with my treasures as a memento of my visit to the famous Rand (pronounced Runt).

The business part of my trip is practically ended, and taking it all in all it has been very satisfactory. There is a vast quantity of Babbitt metal used here, as in quartz mining every ounce of the gold-bearing rock must pass through crushers. Then, too, there are the monster engines, air compressors and conveyors where metal is used. One of my competitors was down here six or eight months before I came and landed 150 tons of his product, which reminds me of an incident of my boyhood days. I was up in a cherry tree and slipped, falling about thirty feet. I landed on the back of an old cow and was promptly tossed into a nearby fence corner full of blackberry bushes. I was a wreck when I crawled out, but the only consolation I got from my old uncle, who was standing near, was, "Why did you do it?"

These good people down here will know what Babbitt metal is when they try mine and will not land in the briar bushes again. I am pleased to note the popularity of American products here. Nearly all the rock crushers in use are the Gates; the air compressors and drills are mostly from the Rand Drill

Company, and Ingersoll, Seargeant and Allis-Chalmers engines are most popular. I visited the brewry one day last week and found it equipped with a Frick Company ice machine; so that America is represented here in the machinery line. I also found some boards advertising the Osborn harvesting machinery, but did not see any machines exhibited. No doubt they are to be found in the agricultural section. Armour & Company and Anheuser-Busch have depots here and also at Cape Town, and seem to be doing a big business. In fact, I have not felt that I have been in a strange land at all. The people here are most courteous and kindly. I was entertained royally at the various clubs and was made to feel welcome at all times. I shall carry only the happiest memories from here and hope it may be my good fortune to drink another Scotch (and hunt for another penny) with my friend, Smith, of the National Tube Company, in the not too distant future.

I left Johannesburg last night on the train "Du Lux" and had a most comfortable night. I had a regular room on the train. At 10 o'clock the porter came in with clean sheets, pillow and blanket and made a most inviting-looking bed, which I enjoyed until the guard called me so I could see the battlefied of Majube Hill. I understand the country at this point is about the same as around Johannesburg, but by 8 o'clock we were well into Natal. The scene was extremely pleasant, green grass everywhere and a number of beautiful trees. The whole earth seems flooded with the perfume of the mimosa. I did not think it possible for them to become so beautiful when I saw them with their ghastly thorns in the Karoo, but they are now the greenest of green and covered from ground to the top with the most beautiful and fragrant yellow flowers.

I was awakened this morning hearing a regular old plantation negro's crooning song. I looked out of the window and there sure enough was a genuine old Virginia negro sweeping out the porch yard, keeping time with broom and feet with the song. It did not require much of a stretch of imagination to fancy myself at Burkeville, only the morning air at Burkeville never was laden with the perfume of the mimosa. It is so delicious that one's lungs get hungry and never are satisfied.

This is a famous place. The hotel I am stopping at (the Royal) figured prominently during the siege. I was fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction to Mr. G. W. Lines, the Town Clerk, and was entertained by him in the most hospitable manner. He went with me to many points of interest and explained the various movements of the troops during the 120-days' fight. Mr. Lines also gave me one of the books compiled by himself, in which all the various details of the siege and relief are collected. It is a most interesting publication, and I shall keep it as one of my choice mementoes.*

This is a quaint place; down in a saucer (like all South African towns) with kopje all around. The town is one long street, running from the river to the first fort hill, and has very little to commend it to the visitor, except the part it played during the war. I visited Wagon Hill and Cæsar's Camp yesterday, and this morning Mr. Lines and I walked up to the top of Convent Hill, where we could get a bird's-eye view of the entire country and see Spion Kopp quite plainly. It was here (Wagon Hill) the greatest hand-to-hand conflict of the entire war took place. The English, under Ian Hamilton, and the Boers, under de Villiers, exchanged shots at less than ten paces. The gallant de Villiers was killed at this place by Albrecht, of the Light Horse, and he in turn was killed within the hour. A bloody fight it was, and fortunately for the English, it ended in a Boer repulse. Had the Boers captured Wagon Hill Ladysmith would have capitulated the next day, for it was the key of the situation. But the gloriously successful defense of Wagon Hill was overshadowed by the awful disaster of Spion Kopp some weeks later.

Mr. Lines gave me wonderful word pictures of Thornycraft, with his North countrymen holding the crest of the hill in the face of a murderous rifle and artillery fire from three sides; how, at nightfall, being disheartened and leaving 1,500 dead and wounded, he retreated from the fatal hilltop, which, had he held until noon of the next day, would have meant the relief of Ladysmith at once, instead of forty days later, the which

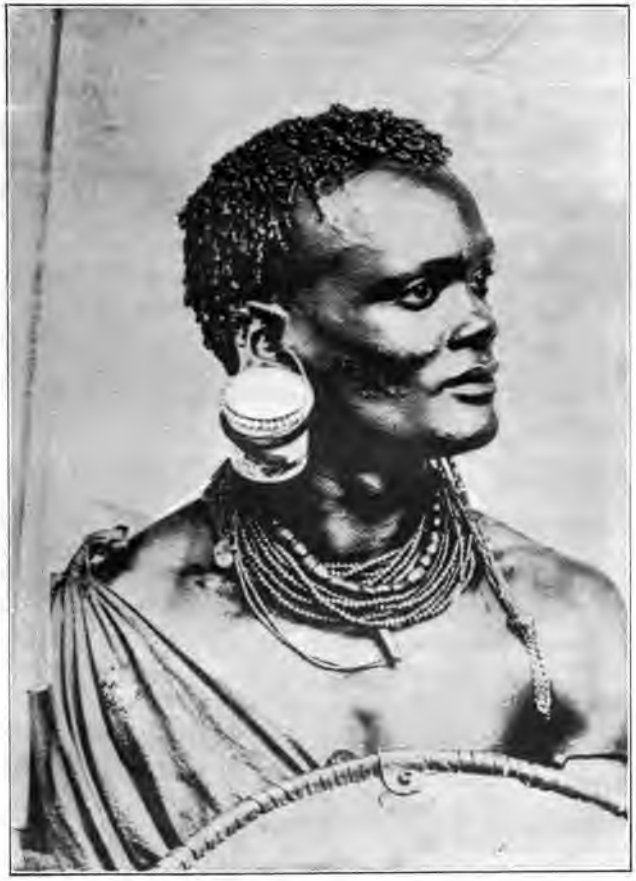
*Some blooming theif on board the Burgomaster pinched this book, and it was not recovered, although I offered two pounds reward.

extended the siege to 118 days with a loss of more than 6,000 men. Mr. Lines tells me it is estimated that more than 15,000 shells were hurled into the town, but there is no evidence of damage done except the cupalo of the Town Hall was knocked galley west.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "NATIF NIGGER."

I was much interested by the outfit of one of the "natif niggers" here this morning. He seemed to be one in authority, and Mr. Lines tells me he is his messenger. His general makeup is different from anything I had seen before. At first I thought he had a head dress consisting of a large black and highly-polished wooden ring, and that his head was shaved up to the place where the ring rested, but upon investigation I find this ring is composed of his wool, plaited into this cap-like ring and then glazed over with some wood gum. It is a mark of special high rank among the Zulus. This man is an Imppi, or a sort of section boss, and this particular head dress indicates that the wearer had done some act of great valor, and as a reward he is allowed to have as many wives as he can afford to buy. The matter of wives among the South African tribes is a very interesting subject. With some of them a man can have as many as he can afford to buy, and with them all it is a matter of barter, the value ranging from a string of beads to ten head of cattle. But with others, like the Zulu tribe, a man must do some very brave act before he is allowed to increase his working force, and he must be positively heroic in the eyes of his chief and the tribe if he wants the privilege of an unlimited number. Just here let me say that I have never looked upon such magnificent types of physical beauty as are presented by the Zulu race, both men and women. The men are clean limbed, clear eyed and as erect as a pine tree; the women often beautiful in both face and form. I have seen a Zulu girl with hands and feet and ankles that would



A BLACK PRINCE.

turn a Chicago girl green with envy, and as for the legs, arms and bust, especially the latter—well they don't grow anywhere else. I have watched the gangs come in from their kraals and have been astonished by the magnificent physique of both men and women. The native garb consists of a blanket draped over the left shoulder and under the right arm, leaving the right shoulder, arm and neck exposed. This blanket hangs to the knees and leaves the legs bare also. It is quite difficult at times to tell the male from the female, but if a girl is married you can tell it at once by the style of head dress. The unmarried ones wear their wool just as our negroes do, but the married ones have their heads shaved, except at the very crown, and the hair is built up into a sort of column about twelve inches high and two and one-half inches in diameter. They dye this head ornament with a certain kind of clay to the most approved shade of titian.

I was much amused at one of the head men coming into Ladysmith this morning. He was buttoned to the chin in a heavy army top coat and cape. The thermometer was up to the vicinity of 100 in the shade, and the oil was coming out of him, but there was not a button loose. The pride of that nigger is surely going to imperil his comfort on earth, even if it does not go before the proverbial fall.

I have just mentioned the pride of the poor savage because of his top coat, but for the quintessence of unadulterated vainglory commend me to the native police. His uniform consists of rather a smart blue jacket with elbow sleeves, white knee breeches trimmed with red stripes at the knee, a Happy Hooligan cap strapped on over the left ear, a Zulu war club, two or three sets of bright wrist irons, and pride enough to equip one of our old Virginia families. The pride is something beautiful to behold under ordinary circumstances, but when one of the officers has a prisoner it reaches the danger point. I did not enquire how many "busts" each year, but the number must be great.

I visited one of the native kraals just outside of Ladysmith yesterday and found the huts most ingeniously constructed. The South African ant gave the native his idea for building.

for the hut is just the shape of the ant heap. It is built with green wythes and thatched most beautifully with straw or rather a special swamp grass. A door about two feet wide and three high is cut, and that is the only opening. The floor is made of the interior of ant heaps beat down and then polished. Their wants are so few that I doubt if anything will ever be done to uplift them. There is no incentive to work when a mud-colored blanket, that never needs washing, constitutes the wedding outfit of a bride. A grass hut that can be built in three days makes the home, a block of wood for a pillow completes the furniture, and a handful of mealies (our corn) is a feast. Not much hope for a people like this, and my observation leads me to think our negroes would be the same to-day if the law would permit the same style of living. In fact, I am surprised to note how our negroes have clung to the habits and customs of their ancestors. I have noted so many traits which are identical with the two peoples. The most notable, I think, is the love of color and especially red. Get one of these natives with the proper amount of red material in dress and more or less copper rings around the arms and ankles and through the nose and ears, and they no longer notice common people. Another striking likeness is the amount of energy expended wastefully in all their undertakings. It is quite a common thing to see two niggers and one poor little Georgia mule at work, but you would think it was a twelve-furrow team outfit from the noise they make.

I found one of the chiefs at the kraal could speak English quite well and I had a long talk with him. He was very intelligent and we discussed many points of interest. He seemed to seriously question the wisdom of sending missionaries to his people and seems to think an ant heap a greater moral force than the Sermon on the Mount, when it comes to the relative effect upon the South African native. I did not understand the illustration until he explained that some years ago a favorite method of punishment for adultery and thieving was to "truss" the guilty one, break in the top of ant heap and seat the sinner upon it. In about three days there was nothing left but the bones of the sinful one, picked clean, and incidentally no more

crime of a like nature during that special generation. I think I have mentioned that ant heaps exist here by the million, but if the Zulu punishment was introduced at home for the same offences there would not be ant hills enough to execute the law.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "BOER."

And now let me say a brief word about the Boers. I say "a brief word" because I say little unless I can speak kindly, and I find so little to justify a kindly word for "the patriots." I came here with a heart overflowing with sympathy for the "liberty loving Boers," but I failed to find the aforesaid L. L. B. The Boer of the veldt, as I saw him, is a stupid and lazy senualist whose religion, although fervid, is nevertheless very much on the order of our Southern negro's devotion, and it has been aptly likened to a "spiritual drunkenness." In fact, it is what religion will always be to the superstitious and ignorant. Olive Schriener's picture of the old "Tante Sana" was not overdrawn in the least. This type can be seen everywhere. Their whole earthly ambition is to add another "morgen" to their already countless acres of land (a farm of twenty and thirty thousand acres is quite common) and then successfully breed cattle and children. I visited some of the farms back from Pretoria in a section that had not been overrun by the soldiers, yet I saw but precious little difference in the general condition except the mud huts had not been destroyed. I did not see one single case where any effort had been made to beautify the homes or the grounds about them. A windmill was the only ornament, seldom a tree, and never a flower. This struck me as being strange at first when I called to mind the fact that these people originally came from Holland. I had recently made an extensive tour through Holland and had found there every evidence of a desire on the part of the people to decorate and beautify their houses and grounds about

them, but when one stops to think of these people, isolated as they are on these vast farms, with practically no intercourse with their fellowmen, it is easily understood. It is what would follow with any people, and is aptly illustrated in our own frontiersmen, or rather was, for we have no frontier now in the sense of what it was some years ago and what it is in South Africa. It is strange how completely men come under the spell of these boundless stretches of monotonous landscapes. There is but little pleasure except that found in a wild gallop over the plain on horseback, and still less of comfort; and yet I have talked with the men on the plains of Texas and on the veldt of the Transvaal and have asked: "What do you find in these limitless stretches of treeless land that makes you want to return when you leave it and go to fairer scenes?" In nearly every instance they stretch out their arms, palms upwards, as a priest would call down a blessing, and with glowing eyes and with their voice lowered to tender tones, such as they would use when speaking of their best beloved, say: "I don't know why it is, but I feel I will suffocate in your cities. This is the only place where one can breathe." This same spirit is found among sailors, but I can understand that. The ocean is constantly showing pictures and never the same one twice. From its mighty lips comes a continuous song grander than the "Te Deum Laudamus," more tender than a lover's serenade, sweeter than all other music combined. But I have known men who see no pictures on the face of the ocean and hear no song. Perhaps my eyes and ears are not atuned; perhaps they may see pictures and hear songs on the veldt as I do on the ocean.

But to return to the Boers. There is but little hope, as I see it, for a people so utterly debased as the most of these people seem to be. It is an acknowledged fact that general bathing, if enforced by law, would mean another rebellion more fierce than the one just ended, and one cannot help doubting the future of a people when it is their accepted custom for the men to sleep in shirt, pants and sox, and the women in their daily dress, except perhaps the outer skirts. One's bed-fellow would be spicy on a hot night, and unfortunately for the traveller in this country he has to share the common bed with the unwashed.

but almost fully dressed, man and wife. Thank providence I was not called upon to share any veldt hospitality.

This is going to be a great country. Untold wealth stands ready at hand. Gold and precious stones beyond the estimate of man, and countless millions of acres of fertile land, which, under the beneficent rule of Great Britain, will blossom like the rose when the people realize that just laws, wisely and justly administered, is what this same English rule means. When it comes to ruling an alien race I lift my hat to the red flag. The day will come in the near future when Boer and Briton will work hand in hand to make of this great land what God intended. A great land full of promise, but dearly bought, for it has cost Great Britain more than one hundred and thirty thousand men through sickness, wounds and death and cold cash to the amount of one billion dollars.

I was amused watching some of the street repairing force at work to-day. The outfit consisted of a medium-sized ordinary dump cart, such as are used by our future Tammany Hall leaders in the early part of their political career; five span (ten) long-horned, hump-shouldered, fawn-colored, sleepy-eyed Madagascar oxen; two infinitesimal shovels and a still lesser pick. The whole procession was headed by a half-grown savage leading the front span by raw-hide thongs made fast to their horns. Abreast of the middle span another savage walked, armed with one whip at least twenty-five feet long and a shorter one for close action. Perched on top of a half ton of broken stone composing the load sat another "natif nigger," and he contributed the following to the general effort towards the accomplishment of this Herculean task. First he stretched his neck and shouted "Zung." This was evidently meant for the middle span. Then, in a softer tone, but still quite emphatic, he spoke the magic word "Ha'ah." The off-tongue ox winked his left eyes, so I am sure this was addressed exclusively to him. Then came a blood-chilling "Yap" which sounded like the howl of a bloodhound, and this was addressed to the leading span, for they both wagged their stumps of tails. The wink of the eye and gentle shake of the tail stumps were the only outward and visible signs of results from this awful turmoil.

but their inwards must have been in a tumult, for mine were. Later on in the day I saw eight oxen and three niggers hooked up to a one-mule plow facing a stretch of field as big as Kansas. When one looks out over what seems to be at least a county that has to be ploughed, and notes the time taken to accomplish one furrow, it makes one dizzy, and I maintain that more energy is wasted in South Africa than at Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH NATAL TO DURBAN.

I left Ladysmith at noon yesterday and enjoyed my trip through to Durban very much indeed. The country is beautiful from Colenzo to the coast. There is the rock, river and ravine to look upon, which in turn or together is most restful to the eye that has seen nothing but desolation for six weeks. The mimosa filled the air with the perfume of its yellow glory and the green grass was everywhere. I never knew how beautiful just plain grass can be until I saw it here. It is the old story, "absence makes the heart grow fonder." One can forgive the grass for not coming up when the snow and ice is everywhere and no birds, but perhaps a redbreast, but when the sun is shining and birds in brilliant plumage are everywhere, we feel that we are being swindled by Dame Nature if the earth does not get green forthwith. But it is green in Natal and it is a beautiful country—pretty little towns along the railroad and many fairly prosperous-looking farms. With proper handling of the soil this could be made another California as a producer.

The only thing to mar the beauty was the stone breastworks still left standing to mark the scene of an heroic struggle. These are ugly, but oh! how unutterably sad are the little wire enclosures, with one or more tiny white iron crosses (in some cases marble), in that they mark the place where a hope of deathless fame and glory ended—Boer and Briton side by side.

About 3:30 I looked out from the window and saw the town of Maritsburg, the capital city of Natal, and it did look very pretty from the mountain top. I expected to reach it in about

ten minutes, but we were more than an hour getting down to the level. I would like to have stopped off at this town, but my ship sails on Tuesday and I had to push on. At 7:30 the lights of Durban could be seen from the train, and at 8:20 we pulled into the station, my trip through South Africa ended. Like every other country, it has its pleasant and unpleasant features, but, unfortunately in this case, the unpleasant ones, so far as climatic conditions and villianous robbery conducted by railroads, hotels and shops go, it is a shade worse than anything I ever struck. The people seem imbued with the one idea of money, and are willing to set aside all scruples when it comes to dealing. This may be all right from their standpoint, but I cannot help thinking it is a serious mistake from a true business standpoint. For instance, there can be no free buying when the seller is trying to rob you by adding a profit of 100 to 500 per cent. to his original cost. This practice can only result in the restriction of trade. I told several storekeepers that they either did not know how to buy or they did not know how to sell, and that some Yankee would come down here that knew how to both buy and sell and would close them all up in about six months. The climate may, and must, have something to do with it, but both the moral and keen business sense seems to be blunted. Take the matter of whiskey, for instance. I will venture to affirm that Johannesburg to-day would make Cripple Creek and Deadwood look like a Kansas temperance town with Mrs. Nation on the war path. And this is not only so in Johannesburg, but Cape Town, Kimberly, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and in Durban I found the bars the very best patronized places of business, although you could get hilarious in the State on what one drink would cost here. One of my hotel acquaintances at Long's told me he had taken from twelve to twenty drinks of whiskey daily during the sixteen years he had been in South Africa, except while the war was going on, and then he could not get it. I did not form this opinion from casual observation, but from statements given me by reputable citizens and travelers. When men drink enough whiskey to float their brains they will surely reduce the moral standard, which in turn means loss of supremacy. A drunken

A GENTLEMAN, HIS RESIDENCE AND HIS FOUR-FIFTHS.

ten minutes, but we were more than an hour getting down to the level. I would like to have stopped off at this town, but my ship sails on Tuesday and I had to push on. At 7:30 the lights of Durban could be seen from the train, and at 8:20 we pulled into the station, my trip through South Africa ended. Like every other country, it has its pleasant and unpleasant features, but, unfortunately in this case, the unpleasant ones, so far as climatic conditions and villianous robbery conducted by railroads, hotels and shops go, it is a shade worse than anything I ever struck. The people seem imbued with the one idea of money, and are willing to set aside all scruples when it comes to dealing. This may be all right from their standpoint, but I cannot help thinking it is a serious mistake from a true business standpoint. For instance, there can be no free buying when the seller is trying to rob you by adding a profit of 100 to 500 per cent. to his original cost. This practice can only result in the restriction of trade. I told several storekeepers that they either did not know how to buy or they did not know how to sell, and that some Yankee would come down here that knew how to both buy and sell and would close them all up in about six months. The climate may, and must, have something to do with it, but both the moral and keen business sense seems to be blunted. Take the matter of whiskey, for instance. I will venture to affirm that Johannesburg to-day would make Cripple Creek and Deadwood look like a Kansas temperance town with Mrs. Nation on the war path. And this is not only so in Johannesburg, but Cape Town, Kimberly, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and in Durban I found the bars the very best patronized places of business, although you could get hilarious in the State on what one drink would cost here. One of my hotel acquaintances at Long's told me he had taken from twelve to twenty drinks of whiskey daily during the sixteen years he had been in South Africa, except while the war was going on, and then he could not get it. I did not form this opinion from casual observation, but from statements given me by reputable citizens and travelers. When men drink enough whiskey to float their brains they will surely reduce the moral standard, which in turn means loss of supremacy. A drunken

and immoral nation cannot be a great nation. I am not a total abstainer, but am very fond of a good glass of German (not English or American) beer, or that best of all drinks when one is hot and thirsty, a whiskey and soda with plenty of ice, but I think it is a grave mistake to make one's whole life a beastly "kniepe."

I do not know if any Englishman will ever read this, but if he does I want to warn his nation through him that whiskey and cigarettes in the quantities consumed in England and her Colonies may have had as much to do with the South African failure as did the "defective War Officer," and perhaps more, in that we read where General So and So failed to get there on time. Whiskey, if it is one of the Jersey brand, will perhaps give a man courage to do desperate deeds of valor, but it never helped a man to think out how this deed of valor can be made effective, nor does it help him reach the point of beginning, if the march be long.

Please do not think I am condemning the whole English nation and her dependencies in one sweep. All Englishmen are not drunkards, not by any means, nor do all of them smoke vile American cigarettes, thank God, but many of them do; too many, and I hope yet to be able to visit London without being sorry I came from a land where tobacco is grown.

I met many high-minded Christian gentlemen in the Transvaal and elsewhere, men doing a great work of regeneration, but the late war cast the moral wrecks of the world upon this country and many of them have remained to poison the moral atmosphere. It is a sorry task to handle these, but this problem will be worked out along with the other great questions, such as what will be done with the negro. Seen from the standpoint of a stranger, even when that stranger comes from the "inhuman South," it strikes one as being an heroic method by which these people handle the black man. There is every evil element of slavery, except *permanent* ownership, with none of the good, such as proper care and attendance. It will be far better to put a money value upon their bodies and permit ownership, for then at least the same care would be given them that would be given a horse of the same market value. As it is

now, the mine owners enjoy all the rights of ownership for certain periods, without the restrictions which would follow actual slavery, because of self-interest, if for no other reason.

There is a widely diversified opinion held by people who have lived among these various tribes. One tells me they are kindly natured, honest, faithful and have a high moral standard until the white man gets among them. Along comes another man, apparently just as reliable, and he says: "Damn the nigger, you will never do anything with him; he won't work if he can steal, and even the grace of God cannot quite redeem him along this line. Moral sense, from the standpoint of Christianity, is an unknown quantity. True, if a woman gets into trouble before she is bought for that purpose by one of her tribe and is known as a wife, she gets her throat cut or is given some other like gentle reminder that she has broken the law. Of course, so long as they do not have to wear a loose cape it is all right, and therein they are not so very far different from their white sisters." And so it goes. This latter picture tallies very closely with the negro as we know him down South, but his apologist will say it is contact, while the other fellow will swear it is born in them.

There is one question, however, that everybody is unanimous on, and that is the negro missionary as sent out from the States and natives whom the white men have sent home to be educated. When this negro preacher comes over from America or Europe and gets mixed up with the natives he becomes a nuisance to the community and a menace to the general peace of the country. Say what you will, a black man is, and always will be, a black man, let him be found on the Zambesi clothed in a string of beads and his ignorance, or in the halls of Congress at Washington, with a red necktie and a yellow vest. Given such training as is generally looked upon as being correct (save and except the Tuskegee method) and the average negro becomes positively insufferable, and this is especially the case when this same negro is placed with, and over, his own people. I have had old slaves tell me they would rather work a month under the hardest of Yankee overseers than to put in one day under their fellow-slaves raised to the rank of field boss. It is quite the same in

religious conditions. In nearly every case that has been tested it is a matter of "mealies." Given plenty to eat and not much work to do and you will have a Christian negro so long as the hen-houses are kept carefully locked, but no longer. I have personally known cases where the old "parson" had worked his congregation up to the point where they ripped their clothes off in their religious frenzy by his intoning of the one sentence, "Oh, lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and yet a neighbor lost a big fat hen that night, although no one went home that way but the good old parson. Another thing certain, if you had called next day you would have found fried chicken, despite the fact that the original "setting" of seven chickens and their father and mother were still running around the parson's yard. All these things are fixed in my mind by personal observation, and all these stories about "pristine purity" and "innate honesty" makes me want a pinch of salt when I take them in.

Perhaps I have said some unkind things of South Africa. I know I have felt like doing it, but I try not to forget this is different from any other place I have ever visited, not even excepting Uraguay, when it was in the midst of a presidential election every ten days. Friends who have been there recently tell me it is no longer necessary to make a detour to pass the building where the President lives.

In fact, one man told me he had stood on the street not long since and watched President Ordonez walk from his carriage to his door and did not have to dodge once. Twenty-five years ago he would have wanted a bomb-proof arrangement of some sort to watch this event. But then the hotels in Montevideo never did charge 36 cents for a bum whiskey and soda. Neither did they tax one $5 per day for a 50-cent room; so there was always some hope for them. Therefore, South Africa will be numbered with the ungodly until a visitor can get a bottle of beer for a shilling instead of four bob, and a decent bed with board for $2.50 per day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN OCEAN.

December 15th.—Old Neptune must know that I am partial to a little movement, for every trip of late has been lively, to say the least. We came out of Durban to-day in the teeth of a half gale, and there was a noticeable barrenness in the saloon at the dinner hour. A very bright compatriot of mine is located at the same table with me, but she is no doubt paying tribute to Neptune just now. There seems to be quite a pleasant company on board, but inclined to break in on one at the most inopportune time. The murderous band—may I be forgiven for calling it a respectable name—has been much in evidence to-day, and I was un-Christian enough to wish a big wave would sweep over the place where they do congregate and not even leave a music stand behind. It is positively cruel for one to be racked by such awful sounds as do eminate from it under the sacred name of music. I faced the gale at the bow just to escape the racket, and whilst there was joined by one of our British contingent. I remarked that it was hard to tell which was the most objectionable, the wind behind or the gale in front. His reply was, "Oh, really, is it blowing behind as well?" "It certainly sounds like it," I replied, and turned away, weary that my effort to be witty had fallen in such barren ground. In about ten minutes our friend returned and remarked, "Ah, now really, by Jove, that is a fact; there is considerable wind back there." I have great hopes for that chap and will not be in the least surprised if he will be perpetrating jokes himself before the journey is ended.

Well, my work is finished in South Africa, and, taking it all in all, I am rather well pleased. I have sown seed that will bring forth an abundant harvest if it is properly looked after, and I hope to come back down here in about eighteen months. I went for a ricksha ride around the town yesterday afternoon with our agent and enjoyed it very much. It is a beautiful place—streets broad and well paved, shops large and attractive, and the residential quarter is simply superb. The grounds

about the dwellings are beautifully kept, the boundaries marked by hedges and ornamental iron railing. The foliage is luxuriant, with a perfect riot of color among the flowers. There is one tree, specially, called the flamboyen, which surpasses anything I have ever looked upon for gorgeousness. At first glance one would suppose it was a great spreading locust tree, but upon close inspection I found the leaves more fern-like. In fact, a leaf pulled from the tree and you would have a leaf of the maiden-hair fern, pure and simple. Now, fancy a great tree, with limbs spreading out for thirty feet all around, with this lace-like foliage and the whole literally saturated with the most intensely scarlet flowers. I tell you it makes a picture. Then there is a number of flowering shrub, one in particular, from three to fifteen feet high, growing in clusters like our old garden shrub and covered with the bluest of flowers. The flowers are so numerous that the foliage is completely hidden, and we see only a blue pyramid. Then there was the lilly in three or four varieties, the petunia in every color, and the ubuquitous sunflower, the wandering Jew of the flower kingdom, for they are found everywhere.

We went to the summit of the hills back of the town, and it gave us a splendid view of the town, bay, bluff and the blue Indian Ocean beyond. We came back through the Malay quarter and I spent an interesting hour with the heathen. What a congress of nations it proved to be! Zulu and Zambesian, Cingalese and Basuta, coolies from all the Indian ports and the Arab in his gaberdine and skull cap, the shylocks of Africa. We went into their shops and I examined some of their food concoctions; strange they were in appearance and stranger still in smell. I am naturally curious, but I could not bring myself to sample any of these products. I was much interested in watching the mixed conglomerate represented by our crew and third-class passengers to-day at noon when they sat at luncheon. They squatted in groups on deck around flat pans into which they all dipped with their fingers. Some of the wealthier classes had portions of the luxuries we saw yesterday, worm-like concoctions and such, but the most frequent dish was half-cooked rice mixed with chopped stock fish, over which

was poured a mixture of curry. A Harlem goat would have left it for his usual fare of tin cans and New York Journals.

I have just come in from a walk on deck. It is still blowing a gale, but the good ship is as steady as an island. The dark outlines of the shore can just be traced against the sky, and the white horses are prancing over the ocean plains, and so the night comes down on the first day homeward bound.

"Who hath desired the Sea? The sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the sombre wind hounded?
The sleek barrelled swell before storm, gray, foamless, enormous and growing
Stark calm on the lap of the line or the wild-eyed hurricane blowing—
His sea, in no showing the same—His sea and the same 'neath each showing,
His sea, as she slackens or thrills!
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise,
Hill-men desire their hills."

And now let me give you a brief word picture of the many odd figures which were at the dock to see us off. One was a high-toned colored lady of the coolie type and her outfit would have won her undying fame on the stage of the Terrace Garden or at the Suburban. She was dressed in a voluminous gown of salmon-colored silk; over her head and draped about her shoulders was a kind of knit woolen shawl of alternate pink and pale-green stripes; a bright yellow shirtwaist with black stripes. So much for the dress, and now a word on the jewelry part of the outfit. One side of her nose was stuck full of what looked like three-for-a-quarter collar buttons, and from the end of the nose hung what seemed to be a section of steel bead purse. This latter almost hid her lips.* On both arms was a profusion of gilt bracelets and the usual silver anklets and toe rings. (How the deuce they walk with their toes full of rings is a mystery to me.) Now all this regal splendor was flat amidst the coal dust and other dock filth, her gorgeous draperies taking

*We are surprised that Mr. Lanning did not call attention to the fact that this mouth covering announces to the world that she is a married woman, just as the nose cover tells us when the Egyptian woman is no longer a maiden.

color from the local surroundings. In vivid contrast to her I noted an old white-haired, white-bearded Hindoo draped in immaculate white and standing like a statute. This is a funny old world and full of funny people and things.

I came on deck this morning after a delightful salt-water bath feeling like a two-year-old. We were running in quite close to the coast and could distinguish the naked natives along the shore. There is absolutely no sign of civilization; in fact, we cannot even see a hut, as they are all back in the bush. The shore is a line of low-well-wooded hills, and quite a broad beach is seen when the tide is out. We will reach Delagoa Bay some time this evening, and spend two or three days sightseeing in that most interesting place.

CHAPTER XV.

LORENCO MARQUES.

We came to anchor yesterday afternoon, and some of our shipmates went on shore, but I decided to hold off until to-day and go early. When I came on deck this morning it was raining quite sharply, so I remained on board until after lunch. I have always claimed that "God was good to the Irish," and I will thank Him specially for that rain-storm, for had it not occurred I would have gone on shore five hours earlier and thereby stood at the grave of another illusion that much the sooner and missed the period of anticipation.

I have been in some of the South American cities and thought I had seen the perfection of indolence, filth and general absence of any excuse for living, but beside Lorenco Marques these towns become positively radiant, as memory recalls them. I walked up one sewer (I mean street) and down another; bought four post-cards, cost 36 cents, and I had quite finished the town. I hurried down to the dock, intending to return to the ship at once, but my attention was called to a party of natives breaking stone. I stood for more than an hour watch-

ing them and was interested and amused. There were about fifty in the gang, and they were striking in unison, keeping time with spirited "shandy." There was a world of expression in it, and at first I thought they were chanting some famous war song, which in former years had inspired them to do valiant deeds. When a touch of the mournful was introduced I figured that it was where they were reciting the death of some great chief who had fallen in the fight. Just as I had completed the central picture and was prepared to pour out my sympathy, my ear was struck by something familiar in the words. By forgetting the music and paying close attention to the song, I found it consisted of a play on the numbers from one to ten. They would start all right with one, two, three four, but they lost count then and some confusion would follow. I tried to work out the chorus, but the nearest I could come to it was, "I eat my own, my own, my own," but they did not tell me if they had reference to their mealies or their wives.

They are erecting a modern office building here and have four cement pillars finished, with two more under construction. A big, good-natured Irishman is at the head of the foundation building gang, and I enjoyed my conversation with him. He told me he had been here for eight years, and he refutes my statement that the "Lord is good to the Irish." He said if that was correct God would never let an Irishman come to this country: I watched the work go on for more than an hour. I then inquired how many stories the building would be when finished. My friend said five. I then made a rapid calculation and figured that it would be finished in the year four thousand, nine hundred and seventy-three, and not a day sooner, for it took just twenty-eight minutes for a nigger to break a four-ounce piece off the stone he was pounding on. You will recall I said they kept time to the song with their hammers. Well, sometimes they would be late in starting and they would not finish the stroke. This is absolutely true.

I find we are in for a stay here until Saturday evening, much to my regret. I would for rather spend this time in Zanzibar or Naples, but it is all in the game. The band is fairly good on waltzes, and there is a little girl from Philadel-

phia on board that can dance like the dickens, so I will be able to kill time between the whirls with her, and getting my notes filled in.

We were awakened this morning by an uproar that would have been a credit to a gang of Malay pirates. Upon investigation it proved to be the force of coolies getting ready to coal ship. I remarked to the "Reverend" that such a row would have awakened the Sleeping Beauty. "Yes," said he, but she would have been a mad cat instead of a pretty woman, under the circumstances." I never listened to such a blooming row in all my life, and I think if we present the case to the proper authorities we can get about two dozen of them hanged, drawn and quartered. The "Reverend," as he is called, is my roommate, and a clergyman in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. When I first met him I sized him up as a newspaper man, a traveling salesman or a card sharp. There was a most charming ensouisance about him, and I went on in my guileless manner damning things that did not suit me, until yesterday morning, when I happened to look at the card in front of our stateroom door and I read with horror the damaging fact that I had not been paying proper respect to the cloth. I went to him at once and offered an apology, but he waved it aside and said: "I assure you your few swear words were most refreshing and ofttimes very much needed." I am completely charmed with him; he is just such another preacher as Ralph Conner portrays in *"Black Rock,"* and I do hope to have the pleasure of meeting him in his native hills. I could not help speculating on the attitude of some of his older parishoners, if they could have seen him getting up close to the little American beauty after she had entertained us with a Highland Fling. For my part, I did not blame him, and had I been a parson, with his privileges, I would have doubtless gotten a little closer.

We tripped anchor at 4 P. M., sharp, and headed out past the red bluffs for Beira, which we will reach Monday morning. I feel that the time spent in Lorenco Marques has been sadly wasted, but the ship discharged nearly all her cargo there. The coolies have worked day and night since we came to anchor and only finished at 2 P. M. I did not retire until very late last

night, and my heart aches for the poor negroes, especially for the ones who had been engaged in coaling. For some reason they stopped taking coal about 8 o'clock, but the lighter laid alongside all night. It was quite half full of coal, and only a little of the deck space was clear. Of course, this was pre-emptied and many of the poor devils had to sleep on the coal pile all night. When I awoke this morning the first thing I heard was the "shandy" from this gang. They were swinging the coal on board, keeping time with their song and seemingly perfectly rested and quite happy. I wonder what the "poor, down-trodden colored man" of the South would say if he had to face such conditions, and have to live on half-cooked rice besides.

I am sitting in the smoking-room just now, and as I look out through the window I can see the abrupt headland of Cape Colatto, with the sparkling waters of the bay between ship and shore. The sun is going down and the wave crests are lit with a rosy glow, making a bit of land and sea-scape that is fair to look upon. In a little while we will be out on the blue water and only a dark line to indicate the shore of the dark land.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUNDAY AT SEA.

The usual Sunday morning concert was inflicted upon us at 7:30 and put us in the needful spirit to receive the blessings of forgiveness of sins. Although my room-mate is a parson, it did not save the day, and I am sure if I could have gone deep enough, I would have found the spirit of "charity toward all men," which is so highly commended, woefully lacking, even in the Reverend. I am sure he wanted to swear, for he looked so grateful when I said, "damn that band." But a cold salt water bath will wash away even a greater affliction than thoughts and memories of a German band, and the world is bright and glad once more. It looks to be only a stone's

throw to the beach from the ship, and in fact, we are only two miles off. There is an unbroken sameness to the entire coast line, and is very much like the Jersey coast, only there is no Atlantic City to enliven it. The sea is smooth, and to look out toward the shore, we could easily imagine we were going down to Bay Ridge on the Columbia, or to Torchester on the Louise. The water has begun to assume the tropical blue, and is very beautiful. Quite a number of new passengers came on board at Delagoa Bay, but a number leave us at Beira, amongst them the little Philadelphia girl who dances so well. I will miss her sadly, for there is no one else on board that can dance well enough to make me forget that I am forty-seven my next birthday. There are a number of natives on board going home, after serving a period in the mines at Johannesburg. I went with the doctor this morning when he inspected them, and do not think I ever saw a more pitiful sight. The poor devils have been ill-fed, badly housed, and worked to death. Three or four of them are about done for, and it is doubtful if we will get them to Chinde before they die. All of them are in wretched condition, and the mine owners should be ashamed of themselves. There was a blooming row raised by the whole civilized world over the slavery question in the States, but I will wager all I will ever own that such a bunch of wretchedness could not have been found between Washington and the Gulf of Mexico, even when slavery was at its worst. I have made inquiry regarding this lot of natives, and find a state of affairs that can scarcely be credited. The head man tells me he brought two thousand "boys" (and let me explain here that a boy in South Africa means anyone that is not white) from the Zambesia about the first of July, indentured for five months. They were sent to the City and Surburban Mine and corralled in their compound, which would compare favorably with a well-regulated cow pen in the States, so far as light and air are concerned, and then their period of absolute slavery began. They are supposed to get thirty-six cents per day and food. Now, here is how they get paid: They work in groups of three usually, and if one gets sick, say, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the other two

have to knock off, and none of this set get any pay for that particular day. When Saturday comes they have to work until midnight to "clean up" the week's work (no extra pay). They do not have to work on Sunday, nor do they get paid. If we will figure out the cost of bringing them down, feeding them on the way, and taking them back, all of which comes out of their pay, together with the lost time and docking, we find they have about ten dollars to show for their period of service—that is, if they live to finish the term. The food provided would ruin a hog raiser if he fed his stock with such stuff. The pigs would not eat it until they were on the verge of starvation, and if they did eat it, there would be a dead pig, that's all. As mentioned before, the niggers are put into the compound and kept there. I said to Hoyer, when I talked to him about this, "If it was me, I would hoof it back to Swahili," and learned, much to my surprise, that all niggers had to have a pass before they could walk about the town even, and they could not leave the town without a special pass. This sounds like Harriet Beecher Stowe, and one can scarcely believe that such things can be in the twentieth century, but it is the case.

I intended to jot down my impressions the next day after being at the mines with my friend, Hoyer, but was too busy; however, it fits in right here, for I can see and judge the results of this system. The head man tells me they buried forty out of the two thousand that he knew of. Of the sixty left, thirty-seven are nearly or quite blind. All of them have sore eyes; two of them are about dead, and fully half of the party have contracted consumption and will be dead within the year. This sort of business may be all right for a time, but there is a God, and there is such a thing as God's wrath, although it is proverbially slow, but these people will feel it some day, and the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" will come no nearer saving them than it did that other imfamous murderer. It is not alone at Johannesburg, but the spirit of slavery seems to be in the air, and not the slavery that recognized the value of the slave, but only what can be gotten out of him during his period of service and then let him die; the sooner the better.

them, but when one stops to think of these people, isolated as they are on these vast farms, with practically no intercourse with their fellowmen, it is easily understood. It is what would follow with any people, and is aptly illustrated in our own frontiersmen, or rather was, for we have no frontier now in the sense of what it was some years ago and what it is in South Africa. It is strange how completely men come under the spell of these boundless stretches of monotonous landscapes. There is but little pleasure except that found in a wild gallop over the plain on horseback, and still less of comfort; and yet I have talked with the men on the plains of Texas and on the veldt of the Transvaal and have asked: "What do you find in these limitless stretches of treeless land that makes you want to return when you leave it and go to fairer scenes?" In nearly every instance they stretch out their arms, palms upwards, as a priest would call down a blessing, and with glowing eyes and with their voice lowered to tender tones, such as they would use when speaking of their best beloved, say: "I don't know why it is, but I feel I will suffocate in your cities. This is the only place where one can breathe." This same spirit is found among sailors, but I can understand that. The ocean is constantly showing pictures and never the same one twice. From its mighty lips comes a continuous song grander than the "Te Deum Laudamus," more tender than a lover's serenade, sweeter than all other music combined. But I have known men who see no pictures on the face of the ocean and hear no song. Perhaps my eyes and ears are not atuned; perhaps they may see pictures and hear songs on the veldt as I do on the ocean.

But to return to the Boers. There is but little hope, as I see it, for a people so utterly debased as the most of these people seem to be. It is an acknowledged fact that general bathing, if enforced by law, would mean another rebellion more fierce than the one just ended, and one cannot help doubting the future of a people when it is their accepted custom for the men to sleep in shirt, pants and sox, and the women in their daily dress, except perhaps the outer skirts. One's bed-fellow would be spicy on a hot night, and unfortunately for the traveller in this country he has to share the common bed with the unwashed.

but almost fully dressed, man and wife. Thank providence I was not called upon to share any veldt hospitality.

This is going to be a great country. Untold wealth stands ready at hand. Gold and precious stones beyond the estimate of man, and countless millions of acres of fertile land, which, under the beneficent rule of Great Britain, will blossom like the rose when the people realize that just laws, wisely and justly administered, is what this same English rule means. When it comes to ruling an alien race I lift my hat to the red flag. The day will come in the near future when Boer and Briton will work hand in hand to make of this great land what God intended. A great land full of promise, but dearly bought, for it has cost Great Britain more than one hundred and thirty thousand men through sickness, wounds and death and cold cash to the amount of one billion dollars.

I was amused watching some of the street repairing force at work to-day. The outfit consisted of a medium-sized ordinary dump cart, such as are used by our future Tammany Hall leaders in the early part of their political career; five span (ten) long-horned, hump-shouldered, fawn-colored, sleepy-eyed Madagascar oxen; two infinitesimal shovels and a still lesser pick. The whole procession was headed by a half-grown savage leading the front span by raw-hide thongs made fast to their horns. Abreast of the middle span another savage walked, armed with one whip at least twenty-five feet long and a shorter one for close action. Perched on top of a half ton of broken stone composing the load sat another "natif nigger," and he contributed the following to the general effort towards the accomplishment of this Herculean task. First he stretched his neck and shouted "Zung." This was evidently meant for the middle span. Then, in a softer tone, but still quite emphatic, he spoke the magic word "Ha'ah." The off-tongue ox winked his left eyes, so I am sure this was addressed exclusively to him. Then came a blood-chilling "Yap" which sounded like the howl of a bloodhound, and this was addressed to the leading span, for they both wagged their stumps of tails. The wink of the eye and gentle shake of the tail stumps were the only outward and visible signs of results from this awful turmoil.

but their inwards must have been in a tumult, for mine were. Later on in the day I saw eight oxen and three niggers hooked up to a one-mule plow facing a stretch of field as big as Kansas. When one looks out over what seems to be at least a county that has to be ploughed, and notes the time taken to accomplish one furrow, it makes one dizzy, and I maintain that more energy is wasted in South Africa than at Niagara Falls.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH NATAL TO DURBAN.

I left Ladysmith at noon yesterday and enjoyed my trip through to Durban very much indeed. The country is beautiful from Colenzo to the coast. There is the rock, river and ravine to look upon, which in turn or together is most restful to the eye that has seen nothing but desolation for six weeks. The mimosa filled the air with the perfume of its yellow glory and the green grass was everywhere. I never knew how beautiful just plain grass can be until I saw it here. It is the old story, "absence makes the heart grow fonder." One can forgive the grass for not coming up when the snow and ice is everywhere and no birds, but perhaps a redbreast, but when the sun is shining and birds in brilliant plumage are everywhere, we feel that we are being swindled by Dame Nature if the earth does not get green forthwith. But it is green in Natal and it is a beautiful country—pretty little towns along the railroad and many fairly prosperous-looking farms. With proper handling of the soil this could be made another California as a producer.

The only thing to mar the beauty was the stone breastworks still left standing to mark the scene of an heroic struggle. These are ugly, but oh! how unutterably sad are the little wire enclosures, with one or more tiny white iron crosses (in some cases marble), in that they mark the place where a hope of deathless fame and glory ended—Boer and Briton side by side.

About 3:30 I looked out from the window and saw the town of Maritsburg, the capital city of Natal, and it did look very pretty from the mountain top. I expected to reach it in about

A GENTLEMAN, HIS RESIDENCE AND HIS FOUR-FIFTHS.

ten minutes, but we were more than an hour getting down to the level. I would like to have stopped off at this town, but my ship sails on Tuesday and I had to push on. At 7:30 the lights of Durban could be seen from the train, and at 8:20 we pulled into the station, my trip through South Africa ended. Like every other country, it has its pleasant and unpleasant features, but, unfortunately in this case, the unpleasant ones, so far as climatic conditions and villianous robbery conducted by railroads, hotels and shops go, it is a shade worse than anything I ever struck. The people seem imbued with the one idea of money, and are willing to set aside all scruples when it comes to dealing. This may be all right from their standpoint, but I cannot help thinking it is a serious mistake from a true business standpoint. For instance, there can be no free buying when the seller is trying to rob you by adding a profit of 100 to 500 per cent. to his original cost. This practice can only result in the restriction of trade. I told several storekeepers that they either did not know how to buy or they did not know how to sell, and that some Yankee would come down here that knew how to both buy and sell and would close them all up in about six months. The climate may, and must, have something to do with it, but both the moral and keen business sense seems to be blunted. Take the matter of whiskey, for instance. I will venture to affirm that Johannesburg to-day would make Cripple Creek and Deadwood look like a Kansas temperance town with Mrs. Nation on the war path. And this is not only so in Johannesburg, but Cape Town, Kimberly, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and in Durban I found the bars the very best patronized places of business, although you could get hilarious in the State on what one drink would cost here. One of my hotel acquaintances at Long's told me he had taken from twelve to twenty drinks of whiskey daily during the sixteen years he had been in South Africa, except while the war was going on, and then he could not get it. I did not form this opinion from casual observation, but from statements given me by reputable citizens and travelers. When men drink enough whiskey to float their brains they will surely reduce the moral standard, which in turn means loss of supremacy. A drunken

and immoral nation cannot be a great nation. I am not a total abstainer, but am very fond of a good glass of German (not English or American) beer, or that best of all drinks when one is hot and thirsty, a whiskey and soda with plenty of ice, but I think it is a grave mistake to make one's whole life a beastly "kniepe."

I do not know if any Englishman will ever read this, but if he does I want to warn his nation through him that whiskey and cigarettes in the quantities consumed in England and her Colonies may have had as much to do with the South African failure as did the "defective War Officer," and perhaps more, in that we read where General So and So failed to get there on time. Whiskey, if it is one of the Jersey brand, will perhaps give a man courage to do desperate deeds of valor, but it never helped a man to think out how this deed of valor can be made effective, nor does it help him reach the point of beginning, if the march be long.

Please do not think I am condemning the whole English nation and her dependencies in one sweep. All Englishmen are not drunkards, not by any means, nor do all of them smoke vile American cigarettes, thank God, but many of them do; too many, and I hope yet to be able to visit London without being sorry I came from a land where tobacco is grown.

I met many high-minded Christian gentlemen in the Transvaal and elsewhere, men doing a great work of regeneration, but the late war cast the moral wrecks of the world upon this country and many of them have remained to poison the moral atmosphere. It is a sorry task to handle these, but this problem will be worked out along with the other great questions, such as what will be done with the negro. Seen from the standpoint of a stranger, even when that stranger comes from the "inhuman South," it strikes one as being an heroic method by which these people handle the black man. There is every evil element of slavery, except *permanent* ownership, with none of the good, such as proper care and attendance. It will be far better to put a money value upon their bodies and permit ownership, for then at least the same care would be given them that would be given a horse of the same market value. As it is

now, the mine owners enjoy all the rights of ownership for certain periods, without the restrictions which would follow actual slavery, because of self-interest, if for no other reason.

There is a widely diversified opinion held by people who have lived among these various tribes. One tells me they are kindly natured, honest, faithful and have a high moral standard until the white man gets among them. Along comes another man, apparently just as reliable, and he says: "Damn the nigger, you will never do anything with him; he won't work if he can steal, and even the grace of God cannot quite redeem him along this line. Moral sense, from the standpoint of Christianity, is an unknown quantity. True, if a woman gets into trouble before she is bought for that purpose by one of her tribe and is known as a wife, she gets her throat cut or is given some other like gentle reminder that she has broken the law. Of course, so long as they do not have to wear a loose cape it is all right, and therein they are not so very far different from their white sisters." And so it goes. This latter picture tallies very closely with the negro as we know him down South, but his apologist will say it is contact, while the other fellow will swear it is born in them.

There is one question, however, that everybody is unanimous on, and that is the negro missionary as sent out from the States and natives whom the white men have sent home to be educated. When this negro preacher comes over from America or Europe and gets mixed up with the natives he becomes a nuisance to the community and a menace to the general peace of the country. Say what you will, a black man is, and always will be, a black man, let him be found on the Zambesi clothed in a string of beads and his ignorance, or in the halls of Congress at Washington, with a red necktie and a yellow vest. Given such training as is generally looked upon as being correct (save and except the Tuskegee method) and the average negro becomes positively insufferable, and this is especially the case when this same negro is placed with, and over, his own people. I have had old slaves tell me they would rather work a month under the hardest of Yankee overseers than to put in one day under their fellow-slaves raised to the rank of field boss. It is quite the same in

religious conditions. In nearly every case that has been tested it is a matter of "mealies." Given plenty to eat and not much work to do and you will have a Christian negro so long as the hen-houses are kept carefully locked, but no longer. I have personally known cases where the old "parson" had worked his congregation up to the point where they ripped their clothes off in their religious frenzy by his intoning of the one sentence, "Oh, lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and yet a neighbor lost a big fat hen that night, although no one went home that way but the good old parson. Another thing certain, if you had called next day you would have found fried chicken, despite the fact that the original "setting" of seven chickens and their father and mother were still running around the parson's yard. All these things are fixed in my mind by personal observation, and all these stories about "pristine purity" and "innate honesty" makes me want a pinch of salt when I take them in.

Perhaps I have said some unkind things of South Africa. I know I have felt like doing it, but I try not to forget this is different from any other place I have ever visited, not even excepting Uraguay, when it was in the midst of a presidential election every ten days. Friends who have been there recently tell me it is no longer necessary to make a detour to pass the building where the President lives.

In fact, one man told me he had stood on the street not long since and watched President Ordonez walk from his carriage to his door and did not have to dodge once. Twenty-five years ago he would have wanted a bomb-proof arrangement of some sort to watch this event. But then the hotels in Montevideo never did charge 36 cents for a bum whiskey and soda. Neither did they tax one $5 per day for a 50-cent room; so there was always some hope for them. Therefore, South Africa will be numbered with the ungodly until a visitor can get a bottle of beer for a shilling instead of four bob, and a decent bed with board for $2.50 per day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INDIAN OCEAN.

December 15th.—Old Neptune must know that I am partial to a little movement, for every trip of late has been lively, to say the least. We came out of Durban to-day in the teeth of a half gale, and there was a noticeable barrenness in the saloon at the dinner hour. A very bright compatriot of mine is located at the same table with me, but she is no doubt paying tribute to Neptune just now. There seems to be quite a pleasant company on board, but inclined to break in on one at the most inopportune time. The murderous band—may I be forgiven for calling it a respectable name—has been much in evidence to-day, and I was un-Christian enough to wish a big wave would sweep over the place where they do congregate and not even leave a music stand behind. It is positively cruel for one to be racked by such awful sounds as do eminate from it under the sacred name of music. I faced the gale at the bow just to escape the racket, and whilst there was joined by one of our British contingent. I remarked that it was hard to tell which was the most objectionable, the wind behind or the gale in front. His reply was, "Oh, really, is it blowing behind as well?" "It certainly sounds like it," I replied, and turned away, weary that my effort to be witty had fallen in such barren ground. In about ten minutes our friend returned and remarked, "Ah, now really, by Jove, that is a fact; there is considerable wind back there." I have great hopes for that chap and will not be in the least surprised if he will be perpetrating jokes himself before the journey is ended.

Well, my work is finished in South Africa, and, taking it all in all, I am rather well pleased. I have sown seed that will bring forth an abundant harvest if it is properly looked after, and I hope to come back down here in about eighteen months. I went for a ricksha ride around the town yesterday afternoon with our agent and enjoyed it very much. It is a beautiful place—streets broad and well paved, shops large and attractive, and the residential quarter is simply superb. The grounds

about the dwellings are beautifully kept, the boundaries marked by hedges and ornamental iron railing. The foliage is luxuriant, with a perfect riot of color among the flowers. There is one tree, specially, called the flamboyen, which surpasses anything I have ever looked upon for gorgeousness. At first glance one would suppose it was a great spreading locust tree, but upon close inspection I found the leaves more fern-like. In fact, a leaf pulled from the tree and you would have a leaf of the maiden-hair fern, pure and simple. Now, fancy a great tree, with limbs spreading out for thirty feet all around, with this lace-like foliage and the whole literally saturated with the most intensely scarlet flowers. I tell you it makes a picture. Then there is a number of flowering shrub, one in particular, from three to fifteen feet high, growing in clusters like our old garden shrub and covered with the bluest of flowers. The flowers are so numerous that the foliage is completely hidden, and we see only a blue pyramid. Then there was the lilly in three or four varieties, the petunia in every color, and the ubuquitous sunflower, the wandering Jew of the flower kingdom, for they are found everywhere.

We went to the summit of the hills back of the town, and it gave us a splendid view of the town, bay, bluff and the blue Indian Ocean beyond. We came back through the Malay quarter and I spent an interesting hour with the heathen. What a congress of nations it proved to be! Zulu and Zambesian, Cingalese and Basuta, coolies from all the Indian ports and the Arab in his gaberdine and skull cap, the shylocks of Africa. We went into their shops and I examined some of their food concoctions; strange they were in appearance and stranger still in smell. I am naturally curious, but I could not bring myself to sample any of these products. I was much interested in watching the mixed conglomerate represented by our crew and third-class passengers to-day at noon when they sat at luncheon. They squatted in groups on deck around flat pans into which they all dipped with their fingers. Some of the wealthier classes had portions of the luxuries we saw yesterday, worm-like concoctions and such, but the most frequent dish was half-cooked rice mixed with chopped stock fish, over which

was poured a mixture of curry. A Harlem goat would have left it for his usual fare of tin cans and New York Journals.

I have just come in from a walk on deck. It is still blowing a gale, but the good ship is as steady as an island. The dark outlines of the shore can just be traced against the sky, and the white horses are prancing over the ocean plains, and so the night comes down on the first day homeward bound.

"Who hath desired the Sea? The sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the sombre wind hounded?
The sleek barrelled swell before storm, gray, foamless, enormous and growing
Stark calm on the lap of the line or the wild-eyed hurricane blowing—
His sea, in no showing the same—His sea and the same 'neath each showing,
His sea, as she slackens or thrills!
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise,
Hill-men desire their hills."

And now let me give you a brief word picture of the many odd figures which were at the dock to see us off. One was a high-toned colored lady of the coolie type and her outfit would have won her undying fame on the stage of the Terrace Garden or at the Suburban. She was dressed in a voluminous gown of salmon-colored silk; over her head and draped about her shoulders was a kind of knit woolen shawl of alternate pink and pale-green stripes; a bright yellow shirtwaist with black stripes. So much for the dress, and now a word on the jewelry part of the outfit. One side of her nose was stuck full of what looked like three-for-a-quarter collar buttons, and from the end of the nose hung what seemed to be a section of steel bead purse. This latter almost hid her lips.* On both arms was a profusion of gilt bracelets and the usual silver anklets and toe rings. (How the deuce they walk with their toes full of rings is a mystery to me.) Now all this regal splendor was flat amidst the coal dust and other dock filth, her gorgeous draperies taking

*We are surprised that Mr. Lanning did not call attention to the fact that this mouth covering announces to the world that she is a married woman, just as the nose cover tells us when the Egyptian woman is no longer a maiden.

color from the local surroundings. In vivid contrast to her I noted an old white-haired, white-bearded Hindoo draped in immaculate white and standing like a statute. This is a funny old world and full of funny people and things.

I came on deck this morning after a delightful salt-water bath feeling like a two-year-old. We were running in quite close to the coast and could distinguish the naked natives along the shore. There is absolutely no sign of civilization; in fact, we cannot even see a hut, as they are all back in the bush. The shore is a line of low-well-wooded hills, and quite a broad beach is seen when the tide is out. We will reach Delagoa Bay some time this evening, and spend two or three days sightseeing in that most interesting place.

CHAPTER XV.

LORENCO MARQUES.

We came to anchor yesterday afternoon, and some of our shipmates went on shore, but I decided to hold off until to-day and go early. When I came on deck this morning it was raining quite sharply, so I remained on board until after lunch. I have always claimed that "God was good to the Irish," and I will thank Him specially for that rain-storm, for had it not occurred I would have gone on shore five hours earlier and thereby stood at the grave of another illusion that much the sooner and missed the period of anticipation.

I have been in some of the South American cities and thought I had seen the perfection of indolence, filth and general absence of any excuse for living, but beside Lorenco Marques these towns become positively radiant, as memory recalls them. I walked up one sewer (I mean street) and down another; bought four post-cards, cost 36 cents, and I had quite finished the town. I hurried down to the dock, intending to return to the ship at once, but my attention was called to a party of natives breaking stone. I stood for more than an hour watch-

ing them and was interested and amused. There were about fifty in the gang, and they were striking in unison, keeping time with spirited "shandy." There was a world of expression in it, and at first I thought they were chanting some famous war song, which in former years had inspired them to do valiant deeds. When a touch of the mournful was introduced I figured that it was where they were reciting the death of some great chief who had fallen in the fight. Just as I had completed the central picture and was prepared to pour out my sympathy, my ear was struck by something familiar in the words. By forgetting the music and paying close attention to the song, I found it consisted of a play on the numbers from one to ten. They would start all right with one, two, three four, but they lost count then and some confusion would follow. I tried to work out the chorus, but the nearest I could come to it was, "I eat my own, my own, my own," but they did not tell me if they had reference to their mealies or their wives.

They are erecting a modern office building here and have four cement pillars finished, with two more under construction. A big, good-natured Irishman is at the head of the foundation building gang, and I enjoyed my conversation with him. He told me he had been here for eight years, and he refutes my statement that the "Lord is good to the Irish." He said if that was correct God would never let an Irishman come to this country: I watched the work go on for more than an hour. I then inquired how many stories the building would be when finished. My friend said five. I then made a rapid calculation and figured that it would be finished in the year four thousand, nine hundred and seventy-three, and not a day sooner, for it took just twenty-eight minutes for a nigger to break a four-ounce piece off the stone he was pounding on. You will recall I said they kept time to the song with their hammers. Well, sometimes they would be late in starting and they would not finish the stroke. This is absolutely true.

I find we are in for a stay here until Saturday evening, much to my regret. I would for rather spend this time in Zanzibar or Naples, but it is all in the game. The band is fairly good on waltzes, and there is a little girl from Philadel-

phia on board that can dance like the dickens, so I will be able to kill time between the whirls with her, and getting my notes filled in.

We were awakened this morning by an uproar that would have been a credit to a gang of Malay pirates. Upon investigation it proved to be the force of coolies getting ready to coal ship. I remarked to the "Reverend" that such a row would have awakened the Sleeping Beauty. "Yes," said he, but she would have been a mad cat instead of a pretty woman, under the circumstances." I never listened to such a blooming row in all my life, and I think if we present the case to the proper authorities we can get about two dozen of them hanged, drawn and quartered. The "Reverend," as he is called, is my roommate, and a clergyman in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. When I first met him I sized him up as a newspaper man, a traveling salesman or a card sharp. There was a most charming ensouisance about him, and I went on in my guileless manner damning things that did not suit me, until yesterday morning, when I happened to look at the card in front of our stateroom door and I read with horror the damaging fact that I had not been paying proper respect to the cloth. I went to him at once and offered an apology, but he waved it aside and said: "I assure you your few swear words were most refreshing and ofttimes very much needed." I am completely charmed with him; he is just such another preacher as Ralph Conner portrays in *"Black Rock,"* and I do hope to have the pleasure of meeting him in his native hills. I could not help speculating on the attitude of some of his older parishoners, if they could have seen him getting up close to the little American beauty after she had entertained us with a Highland Fling. For my part, I did not blame him, and had I been a parson, with his privileges, I would have doubtless gotten a little closer.

We tripped anchor at 4 P. M., sharp, and headed out past the red bluffs for Beira, which we will reach Monday morning. I feel that the time spent in Lorenco Marques has been sadly wasted, but the ship discharged nearly all her cargo there. The coolies have worked day and night since we came to anchor and only finished at 2 P. M. I did not retire until very late last

night, and my heart aches for the poor negroes, especially for the ones who had been engaged in coaling. For some reason they stopped taking coal about 8 o'clock, but the lighter laid alongside all night. It was quite half full of coal, and only a little of the deck space was clear. Of course, this was pre-emptied and many of the poor devils had to sleep on the coal pile all night. When I awoke this morning the first thing I heard was the "shandy" from this gang. They were swinging the coal on board, keeping time with their song and seemingly perfectly rested and quite happy. I wonder what the "poor, down-trodden colored man" of the South would say if he had to face such conditions, and have to live on half-cooked rice besides.

I am sitting in the smoking-room just now, and as I look out through the window I can see the abrupt headland of Cape Colatto, with the sparkling waters of the bay between ship and shore. The sun is going down and the wave crests are lit with a rosy glow, making a bit of land and sea-scape that is fair to look upon. In a little while we will be out on the blue water and only a dark line to indicate the shore of the dark land.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUNDAY AT SEA.

The usual Sunday morning concert was inflicted upon us at 7:30 and put us in the needful spirit to receive the blessings of forgiveness of sins. Although my room-mate is a parson, it did not save the day, and I am sure if I could have gone deep enough, I would have found the spirit of "charity toward all men," which is so highly commended, woefully lacking, even in the Reverend. I am sure he wanted to swear, for he looked so grateful when I said, "damn that band." But a cold salt water bath will wash away even a greater affliction than thoughts and memories of a German band, and the world is bright and glad once more. It looks to be only a stone's

throw to the beach from the ship, and in fact, we are only two miles off. There is an unbroken sameness to the entire coast line, and is very much like the Jersey coast, only there is no Atlantic City to enliven it. The sea is smooth, and to look out toward the shore, we could easily imagine we were going down to Bay Ridge on the Columbia, or to Torchester on the Louise. The water has begun to assume the tropical blue, and is very beautiful. Quite a number of new passengers came on board at Delagoa Bay, but a number leave us at Beira, amongst them the little Philadelphia girl who dances so well. I will miss her sadly, for there is no one else on board that can dance well enough to make me forget that I am forty-seven my next birthday. There are a number of natives on board going home, after serving a period in the mines at Johannesburg. I went with the doctor this morning when he inspected them, and do not think I ever saw a more pitiful sight. The poor devils have been ill-fed, badly housed, and worked to death. Three or four of them are about done for, and it is doubtful if we will get them to Chinde before they die. All of them are in wretched condition, and the mine owners should be ashamed of themselves. There was a blooming row raised by the whole civilized world over the slavery question in the States, but I will wager all I will ever own that such a bunch of wretchedness could not have been found between Washington and the Gulf of Mexico, even when slavery was at its worst. I have made inquiry regarding this lot of natives, and find a state of affairs that can scarcely be credited. The head man tells me he brought two thousand "boys" (and let me explain here that a boy in South Africa means anyone that is not white) from the Zambesia about the first of July, indentured for five months. They were sent to the City and Surburban Mine and corralled in their compound, which would compare favorably with a well-regulated cow pen in the States, so far as light and air are concerned, and then their period of absolute slavery began. They are supposed to get thirty-six cents per day and food. Now, here is how they get paid: They work in groups of three usually, and if one gets sick, say, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the other two

have to knock off, and none of this set get any pay for that particular day. When Saturday comes they have to work until midnight to "clean up" the week's work (no extra pay). They do not have to work on Sunday, nor do they get paid. If we will figure out the cost of bringing them down, feeding them on the way, and taking them back, all of which comes out of their pay, together with the lost time and docking, we find they have about ten dollars to show for their period of service—that is, if they live to finish the term. The food provided would ruin a hog raiser if he fed his stock with such stuff. The pigs would not eat it until they were on the verge of starvation, and if they did eat it, there would be a dead pig, that's all. As mentioned before, the niggers are put into the compound and kept there. I said to Hoyer, when I talked to him about this, "If it was me, I would hoof it back to Swahili," and learned, much to my surprise, that all niggers had to have a pass before they could walk about the town even, and they could not leave the town without a special pass. This sounds like Harriet Beecher Stowe, and one can scarcely believe that such things can be in the twentieth century, but it is the case.

I intended to jot down my impressions the next day after being at the mines with my friend, Hoyer, but was too busy; however, it fits in right here, for I can see and judge the results of this system. The head man tells me they buried forty out of the two thousand that he knew of. Of the sixty left, thirty-seven are nearly or quite blind. All of them have sore eyes; two of them are about dead, and fully half of the party have contracted consumption and will be dead within the year. This sort of business may be all right for a time, but there is a God, and there is such a thing as God's wrath, although it is proverbially slow, but these people will feel it some day, and the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" will come no nearer saving them than it did that other imfamous murderer. It is not alone at Johannesburg, but the spirit of slavery seems to be in the air, and not the slavery that recognized the value of the slave, but only what can be gotten out of him during his period of service and then let him die; the sooner the better.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE "CITY" OF BEIRA.

We missed the tide yesterday morning, and had to lay out on the flats until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at which time we steamed in and anchored about half a mile from the quay. The town is built on a sand bank, and is about as unattractive a place as can be allowed to exist. If it was any worse the international law would have to step in and interfere. I went on shore for a few moments, but was glad enough to get back to the ship. There is nothing but sand, and more sand, and there has to be special arrangements made to get around, which are unique. They have a pair of light rails laid on sleepers, and this is the public highway. There is, I think, one car and crew open for general business, but all the magnates and potentates of the town own their private street cars, and have from two to five negroes to push them, according to the load. It is very funny to see a man come out of a place and order his car on the track, invite a friend in, and go along about his business. People coming east have the right of way, and people going west have to dismount, lift the car off the track, let the east bound car pass, remount and move on. I watched this interesting process, and could not keep out of my mind the lines of the immortal poem, "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Finnigan." The only excuse in the world this place has for existing is the fact that it is the terminus of the Beira & Mashonaland Railroad. But it will never be anything of a seaport, for everything is against it.

In the first place, the anchorage for vessels is very much exposed, and they have the most terrific gales here at times. The American Consul tells me that a cyclone swept over the place last March and did not leave much except the sand, and that was not in the original position. To make matters worse, vessels drawing over eighteen feet water can only cross the bar just at high tide, and then is likely to get stuck in the sand, and, to cap the whole, the country for fifty miles inland is a swamp where fever is simply rampant. I am glad to know that we leave on the next tide, and no fond regrets left behind, except that my little friend, the wife of the American

Consul, left us here, and I will have no one to dance with for the balance of the trip.

I suffered awfully with the heat last night, but at 4 o'clock this morning we got under way, and a deliciously cool breeze came into our cabin window. I tell you it was pleasant, and the parson and I were soon making up for lost time. The result was we were both late for breakfast. I went out on the forecastle at noon yesterday and my body did not cast the least shadow. The chief officer tells me that we are directly under the sun, as the sextant shows an altitude of 90 degrees. We are quite out of sight of land, although it is only a few miles to the west, but it is the usual swamp, and we would have to be on the top of it to see it. We will be at Chindi this evening, but I do not think I will go on shore, unless I do it like Mark Twain made the ascent of the Matterhorn.

We reached our anchorage off Chindi at 4:30 P. M., and the tug was soon alongside to take off our passengers for this port and bring on two or three. There was quite a sea on, and passengers had to be put into a wicker basket and hoisted over the ship's side. At times it was quite exciting, and once came near being a tragedy. The tug dipped and swung out just as they lowered the basket, and the contents came near going into the sea. It was full of poor negroes, whom I have already written about, and know they must have thought their time had finally come. It was a fitting finish to their period of agony.

We got under way for Mozambique at 7 P. M., last night, and when I woke this morning the view from my port hole would have been a fit subject for the brush of Elmer Keene. The sea was in the happiest possible mood; blue as a sapphire, with the white caps chasing each other like laughing children. I laid in my berth sometime watching the picture, and thanked God for the privilege of enjoying such glorious visions. It has been a perfect day, just enough breeze to make the sea sparkle, and it is quite pleasant on shipboard.

I have avoided sunset effects during this trip, for I fear you have had a surfeit of them from my pen, but the one to-night was too beautiful to pass over. I came out on deck about half an hour before the sun went down, and became so

absorbed in the scene that I came near missing my dinner. There was not a cloud in the sky, but a haze over the sun gave it the appearance of being veiled with a golden gauze. This radiance reached to the zenith, but, strange to say, it was not reflected in the water, which remained intensely blue to the very last ray of light. When the sun was about ten minutes high it lost every single ray and shone as a great golden ball. Now, the strange feature of this glorious scene was the clearly defined water-line of deep blue across the face of the sun as it disappeared. There was the usual short twilight of the tropics, and the night was at once made glorious by the new moon, with its silver horn. Saturn is still on his visit to his brother, Mars, and did ever one god visit another in such royal splendor. Above them, and brighter than all, shone Jupiter, the monarch of the evening sky. I looked about me, when my eyes had, in a measure, taken in the glory of the west, and said "howdy" to several old star friends before going down below to a cold dinner. We will reach Mozambique in the morning, and every one is going on shore to see the quaint old town.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOZAMBIQUE.

We reached our anchorage, some half mile from the jetty, this morning at 6:20. The first glance would indicate some old Moorish town, as the style of architecture is very similar. We were on shore by 7, and although it was so early, it was intensely hot. It was a heat that must be killing at noon. I was glad to get back to the ship by 9:30, having done the town with two of my messmates, Miss B. and Mr. Clissold. The town is remarkably clean. The walls whitewashed with *yellow, green* and *blue whitewash,* and the streets extremely well kept. The prisoners were at work repairing the street just at the landing. They were beating the broken coral down with blocks of wood about twelve inches square on the end of a broom-stick. The lift was eleven and three-fourths inches from the ground

and they made three and one-half strokes to the minute. The street is about one hundred yards long and thirty yards wide at this place, and as near as I can estimate it they will finish this job just about in time to celebrate the next Tammany defeat. I also saw another bit of "the pace that kills" (the contractor): Some months ago one of the soldiers went into the magazine to steal some ammunition. Just about the time he was ready to pull his freight an officer came in and wanted to know what in the —— the —— was walking around in a powder vault with a lighted match for. The man promptly dropped the match and an explosion followed, which blew one end of the fort and eleven men into kingdom come. They are holding a court-martial at the present time trying to decide whether it was the man's lighted match or the officer's profanity that exploded the powder. They have the man's right ear and the officer's left foot, which they are holding, pending the final rendering of the court, and the guilty one will be duly hanged.

But to return to my story. As stated, the end of the fort was demolished. Now they have about two hundred women carrying the debris about half a mile on their heads in baskets, and this will be carried back in the same way when the wall is ready to fill in. This I look upon as an endless task, for by the time they get the new part finished the old part will have fallen down from old age and their task will begin again. The whole show is a regular comic opera. I think it was the commander-in-chief who went around the fort with us, and he seemed very grateful for the two shillings he received from the party.

I stood on the frowning ramparts beside a formidable gun of the year 1650 vintage, and decided that it could safely resist the Chesapeake oyster fleet if they would agree to use only "culls." But it is a grand old structure; built of stones brought from Europe in sailing vessels when vessels were both small and slow (years 1508 to 1511) and a bastian seventy feet high and a half mile around it, has served its purpose in its day and stands as a monument of former greatness. The town is situated on one of the many coral islands found just here. It is about one and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide at

its widest. Facing the jetty is the German castle, and it is really a fine building. We also noticed another splendid structure, which proved to be a hospital. There were two public squares with a number of cocoanut and banana trees, and all of them ladened with green fruit. There were flowers everywhere in profusion, and altogether it was a pleasant visit, except for the murderous heat.

When I wrote about this being like a comic opera I had in mind a scene at the fort this morning. One of the Portuguese officers had about seventy naked "natif niggers" out putting them through the manual of arms. They were equipped with muskets that must have been used at the battle of Bull Run, and their drilling was worse than "Company F," of the Fifth Maryland, when Supplee was in command. It was intensely funny to watch their efforts to look formidable, and you know this is hard to do when one has only a loin cloth on. A soldier without a stripe down the leg of his pants and shoulder straps is a sort of unfinished product.

We were aboard by 9:30, having finished the town, bought some shells and got a headache. Shortly after 10 A. M. we were heading eastward to Nossi Be, Madagascar, and will reach that point about noon to-morrow. This trip is quite a treat to us, as it was wholly unexpected. The afternoon sail was very much like a sail on the Mediterranean—the blue, both of sea and sky, and only the gentle swell of the "baby ocean." I did not sleep well last night, and at 3:30 A. M. I looked out my port hole and for a moment I thought the ship was in peril. I knew the water near shore was very shallow, and when I saw what I supposed to be a lighthouse about one hundred yards from the ship's beam it gave me a start. I tumbled out in a hurry, and could scarcely credit it when I found I was looking at Venus, which is the morning star. I never looked upon anything like it in the way of a star before. It threw a path of light across the water almost like the moon, and when a wisp of cloud would drift across her face the light would penetrate it and turn the edge to silver, if the middle was dense. I tried to dress without turning on the light but could not find my shoes. However, I was soon on deck, and it has never been

my good fortune to look upon anything quite so glorious in all my life. Of course, this gem of the sky was Venus, and surely the goddess for whom she is named was never more beautiful. But there were many other wonderful stars shining. Much to my surprise I saw the Great Bear, upside down, it is true, but every star a-glitter. Close down to the western sky line Orion held forth, upside down also, by the way. In the north Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, were rivals to the Great Bear, and only lost out because the latter out numbered them. But the rare sight was high up in the southern sky. The Cross, as seen in the early evening, smothered in the Milky Way and upside down, is something of a disappointment to the star lover, but at 4 A. M. it has swung clear of the Nebula and stands almost upright. Then indeed is it a glorious constellation and well worthy the peans which have been sung to it. Just to the left of the Cross one sees the two great suns, Alpha and Beta, in the constellation of the Centaur. These are also very beautiful—stars of the first magnitude and almost as reliable as the Pole Star as a guide to the mariner in the southern waters. It was wonderful to watch the stars fade as the sun came up. First Castor and Pollus and the stars in the north, then Orion and the western galaxy; then the Cross, and it struck me as being strange that it could be seen long after other stars, except Venus, had faded. For a time she seemed to get brighter as the sun rose and it could be seen distinctly ten minutes after the sun had risen, although it was bright as only an Indian sun can be at sunrise.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

No tin horns, no turkey, no cranberry sauce, no pumpkin pie, and the thermometer at 98 in the shade. One of the children on board says "it's no Christmas, no how," and I quite agree with him. When I awoke this morning I felt the spirit of the day, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and just in the midst of the beatific mentality the murderous band struck

up, and away went the kindly feeling to give place to murder, treason and all such uncharitableness. The fiend who leads the band added insult to injury by indulging in satire. Fancy hearing "So let the way appear steps unto Heaven; all that thou sendest me, in mercy given." Oh, it was cruel. But here comes in the law of compensation.

There was a sunset last night unspeakably beautiful, and for it one would be willing to endure the band even. The western half of the heavens held clouds of olive green, blue-gray, mauve, snowy white and every shade of pink. The sea was absolutely still, the surface like a plate-glass mirror, and these clouds in all their coloring were faithfully reflected, whilst the ocean, from the ship to the western sky-line, was simply drenched in color that was a blending of all the tints of the sky. There was a big dinner on to-night, but it was finished before I knew it had begun. I was by the rail at the extreme stern of the ship and the steward, who came to look for me, failed to locate me, and thought I had fallen overboard. I missed my dinner, but I can get another to-day whilst it is not likely I will ever look upon another scene like that.

There was a "musical" and dance after dinner, but I did not take any part in it. It seemed like a shame to destroy my very vivid mind picture by turning my thoughts toward anything in the way of aboard-ship entertainment. I was in for another treat before the night ended. At 3 o'clock I was awakened by a crash that seemed great enough to split a world. One of the sudden tropical storms had come upon us, and it was sublime. The flashes would come, followed by a clash like the bringing together of two mighty cymbals, and there being no hills to hold the sound no reverberation would follow. There was the flash, the crash and an awful stillness at once. It was only a very few minutes after the first thunder when we were in the midst of a driving rain-storm, and the hoarse bellow of the fog horn gave out its warning cry. I tell you it was weird. One of our poetical shipmates compared the morning to "a maiden just after her bath." It was certainly fresh and beautiful as one would fancy a maid would be under the proper conditions *and cover.*

Well, Christmas Day is ended, and I have recalled last Christmas in vivid contrast to to-day. In New York a bitter cold rain was falling which covered the streets with an ugly sleet, and it seemed the sun would never shine again. When I think of what that was and what this is, I can scarcely believe it is the same day. The absence of all that goes to make Christmas at home makes the doubt almost a certainty.

We came to anchor off the pier-head of Majunga at 4 P. M. and were soon on shore. It is not much of a town, but it is Madagascar, and, therefore, interesting. There are four or five good-sized and well-stocked general stores, in one of which I saw a stack of Borden's Condensed Milk and some Armour's Potted Ham. It being Christmas Day the population was out in numbers and dressed in holiday garb. These people, like their black brothers, are extravagantly fond of colors. We met one woman whose dress was positively dazzling. It had been dyed in some triple extract of pink and it made the eyes ache. Draped over the head and shoulders she had a bright blue cotton shawl crossing at the waist. The usual nose and ear ornaments adorned her, and, shade of Martha Washington, she had a little square of white court plaster stuck coquettishly under the left eye. I thought she was the ex-queen of the island, but upon investigation we found her to be the major's cook.

At the lower end of the town we came across an imposing glass-roofed and partly enclosed structure. Mr. Chissold advanced the theory that they had built the railroad station in anticipation of the railroad. I suggested that it was the Crystal Palace. It proved to be the market place and was very interesting. The fish stalls were laden with young sharks and monster skates. The front stalls were piled with golden and green mangoes, pines and bananas, but, strange to say, no oranges. The most interesting feature was the vegetable stand. Here we found the "everywhere onion," some Lima beans, and what interested us most of all a stall with tomatoes piled up like the shot at Fortress Monroe. The largest of the lot was not quite an inch in diameter, and the small ones were about the size of a cherry, but they tasted like tomatoes just the same.

and I understand they are considered a great luxury. Just as we were leaving the market a half-naked savage came up and said: Me from Maritius; me only man speak English in place. Me go back soon; been here seven months; no like French; damn; good-bye," and he turned away. It was one of the funniest things I ever listened to. We expected him to be one of the many beggers found everywhere and that he would strike us for a shilling, but he evidently only wanted some sympathetic person to hear his opinion of the French.

We went up the hill past the Catholic Mission Church. It was decorated with bunting and paper lanterns. A service was being conducted by a big fat priest in the midst of an elaborate illumination. The building was well filled with natives in various colors and degrees of dress, and perhaps half dozen white women. There was an old lady that interested me much. She was dressed in a heavy brocade silk dress with a cape of the same material over her shoulders. In view of the fact that the thermometer stood 99 in the shade, it struck me that her piety was of an exceptional high order. Mr. Chissold assured me it was a case of pride, pure and simple, and declared he knew women who would wear a seal-skin sacque at the Equator if it happened to be new and the only one in the community; but my old friend is rather severe on the dear creatures.

After leaving the church we climbed to the top of the hill where the fortifications are built. These are partly walled in and contain a lot of tumbled-down rockeries in the way of officers' quarters and sheds for the barracks. But there are two very fine buildings about half finished which will be used for general offices and quarters. We had a fine view from this point with a range of perhaps thirty miles in all directions. The country is unattractive. The Bombetoke River and Bay curves back into a swamp land some several miles, and the rhinos and alligators are plentiful there yet. In fact, one of the leading curiosities offered for sale is the riding whip made of the rhino's hide. Large game of every description is plentiful, and I can readily understand it, for although we ranged the country with our glasses we did not locate a single *habitation outside* of the immediate settlement.

I would like to have gone up the Mombetoke for a few miles, but it is very dangerous, as the fever is bad, and besides, we will only be here for a few hours. The ship seems to be taking on quite a bit of ebony and ironwood (*lignum-vitae*) and some bales of coffee bagging for trans-shipment to Zanzibar.

This place is very old, having been established some four or five centuries ago, but there is nothing to indicate it, except a few moss-grown tombs and a bit of sea wall. The French made this their base of operations a few years ago when their last fight was on, and soldiers do not leave much of anything standing. By far the most curious thing in the place is the Boa-baba tree, cut of which I am sending you on a post-card. We took the measurement of one and found it to be seventy-three and a half feet in circumference. In appearance they look like a gigantic rutabaga with the roots sykward. We passed the pesthouse, which is being torn down now. Some months ago they had quite an epidemic of Asiatic plague, but the general health of the place is good now. We will sail as soon as the cargo is on board and be at Nossibe about 5 P. M. to-morrow.

We were out of sight of land when I came on deck this morning, but at noon the blue mountains around Nossibe could be seen. By half-past three we were close into the shore, and a beautiful bit of scenery was presented. The coast line is extremely rugged, mountain peaks ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, and the shore line is deeply indented. What often appeared to be an island proved to be a long arm reaching out into the sea and forming grand bays and estuaries. At the entrance to Nossibe from the south the arm has been cut, leaving an island about one mile from mainland. This island is of some considerable size and heavily wooded down to the water's edge. We passed this to the left and I noticed two small cone-shaped islands close to the mainland on the right. One of these was almost as high as the famous "Sugar Loaf" at the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and much the same shape. This is a very dangerous shore, but there is no lighthouse to warn the ships. The only sign of life was a series of semaphore poles for a system of signals from incoming vessels, I suppose. Just

as we cleared the passage into the bay a black thunder cloud came rolling down upon us. There were a few vivid flashes of lightning, the music of the thunder reverbrating through the mountains, and a sharp fall of rain for a few moments. In fact, it was raining when we went on shore, but we only had a few hours in which to see the place, so could not wait until it cleared. We landed at Hellville (I could not decide if this has the English or German significance), which is rich in tropical glory. Cocoanut, banana and great mango trees in the wildest profusion, and the dwellings hidden in a tangle of leaf and flower. All very pretty from the standpoint of a tramp visitor, but I think I would prefer New York, with all its snow and sleet and sullen skies. There is a damp smell of death, mingled with the perfume of leaf and flower, and the natives flit through the dim shadows, white clad, silent and ghostly.

There were no shops of any size and nothing for sale, except a few beads and some ebony canes. I got a cane! The beggar I bought it from asked two shillings for it, and I offered him one. I secured the cane and a cursing. I proceeded to lose the cane and I hope the curse went with it, for it was lurid. This island is the home of the famous Lemur cats, and I saw quite a number of them. They are very beautiful and make great pets, being the most kindly in disposition of any of the monkey tribe.

We leave some time to-night for Zanzibar and will pass a quiet Sunday at sea.

This has been a quiet day and closed with another royal sunset, which was the only event worth recording, except the fact that our friend, the "Reverend," held a short service at 5 P. M. He gave us a very earnest talk, urging the religion of laughter and song and general gladness. I find I have a touch of African fever and feel like 30 cents to-day.

CHAPTER XX.

ZANZIBAR.

The sports committee met and shaped up the program for the entertainment on board during the balance of the voyage. I cannot take much interest in it, for I am still feeling like the aforesaid 30 cents, and then running sack races, etc., with the thermometer at 100 in the shade is rather warm work even to look at. The concert is to take place to-night, but I rather think I will be in bed by the time it is due, as I feel badly. Had to call on the Doctor to-day.

I came on deck early this morning, after having a bad night. This infernal African fever makes one feel like a bunch of spinach of last week's cutting, but I am not going to give up to it, and will go on shore if I have to be carried there, as Zanzibar is the most curious old-world city in existence.

We were skirting the coast of the island when I came on deck. The scene was purely tropical and much like the shores of South America about the Amazon River. I could distinguish many of the trees through the glass, and was especially interested when I saw the great clusters of bread fruit. It has been many years since I have seen this curious tree. We anchored at 8:30 A. M., and I shall go on shore at once. Five minutes after I had been carried on shore and gotten lost in the tangle of four feet streets, eleven feet six inches long, I quite forgot there was such a thing as African fever. The evening came before I realized it, and as I had my guide fairly well loaded, as follows: Four elephants, a section of rhino, part of an ebony tree, not to mention minor things, such as photos, and about four bad whiskeys, I decided to come on board for dinner, and to deposit my spoils, but by 7:30 I was astride the neck of another black man, being carried ashore again, and I did not return to ship until nearly midnight.

Now, I am going to try to give you a detailed account of my trip, but it will be the most unsatisfactory part of my letter. No one except a Baynard Taylor or Pierre Loti should attempt a description of Zanzibar. It is surely the quaintest

and most bewildering place I have ever had the good fortune to wander through. In the first place, they land the passengers on the beach, and the natives tote them through the surf on their backs. Now, apparently, their sole object is to get the passengers on shore as speedily as possible, and to that end, they simply go in for a "catch as catch can." The result is, you look, and look again at some object that is strange and yet familiar. When it stops and gets untangled you find it is a sweet girl and suddenly you become satisfied that she has very pretty open-work stockings on yet you do not remember having seen them.

There is a strange couple on board whom some wag has christened "Bluebeard and Fatima" (I will tell you about them in my letter describing my shipmates for the voyage). I was particularly interested to see this couple land, as Bluebeard is a load for a steam derrick, and I did not think he would let profane hands touch the beloved "Fatima," but my boatman got into a dispute and kept me alongside the ship until the circus was over. I made quiet inquiry as to the performance, but every one had such a deep personal interest in their own affairs that no attention seems to have been paid to others, however funny it may be. I recalled my old surf landing at Madeira years ago, and I rode in, perched superbly on the shoulder of my carrier, an object of envy to the unfortunates, who had been carried head down and crossways. My feet scarcely touched the beach sand before I was surrounded by a mob of howling "hyenas," each one wanting to be my guide, philospher and friend for the day. Mr. Clissold was with me, and we selected the noisiest and about the ugliest fiend of the lot and threw ourselves upon his tender mercies. We were immediately informed by his rivals that he was absolutely no good, and I inferred by some side remarks and gestures that we stood a fair chance of having our throats cut and other serious things done to us before we got through with him. But "Ferguson" was an all right coon, and took splendid care of us during the day, and piloted me safely through the shady side of town last night. He asked me for a letter of recommendation, which I gave him as follows:

"Zanzibar, December 29, 1903.—The bearer, a black pirate, with an ill-gotten name (Ferguson), is about the ugliest heathen in Zanzibar, but he is a good, honest guide, and I can cheerfully speak a kindly word for him. His only drawback is that he does not speak a word of Irish. Yours truly, J. Frank Lanning, New York, U. S. A." He will show this with much pride and the reader will doubtless have a laugh over it.

A few minutes after leaving the beach we were in the midst of a purely oriental scene. Tall, solemn looking Arabs, with gaberdine coats and small, round skull caps, white, short-legged trousers and sandals. White robed hindoos with more white cloth on their heads than they have on all the rest of their bodies; half naked Swahili's, with skins like black satin; laborers with no clothes except a piece of coffee sacking scientifically arranged to hide their nakedness. Great muscular black men pulling wagons as big as an ox-cart; larger, in fact, than the one seen at Ladysmith, and it had six oxen against six negroes here. The wagons were piled up with enormous loads, but they were swinging them along with a "hi, hi," followed by a low chanting song. The streets are so narrow that when one of these carts come along you have to flatten yourself against the wall, or take refuge in a store. I was anxious to see the result of the meeting of two teams bound in opposite directions, but did not see a case of this kind. I rather think they travel all one way in the morning and the other way in the afternoon. The streets are the most unique institutions outside of Cairo and Constantinople. Strange they certainly are, with the roofs of the houses nearly touching in places, and no street running in one direction for more than fifty feet. The street itself is furrowed deep with the traffic of countless ages, for this was an old town when the world was yet young. Many of the houses are imposing structures of three or four stories. The entrances are guarded by handsomely carved heavy, brass-studded, oaken doors, opening into grim, unlighted passages, leading, the Lord knows where, and as we were infidels, we did not dare investigate too closely. Many of the houses have balconies glued on at the upper

stories and no other sign of a window except the ones opening out of these porches. One building had a long, narrow stone stairway leading from the street to the back door on the second floor; the lower part being a store, and having no connection with the other part. The American Consul has a fine residence, which is purely native in architecture. When I went in I found the portal guarded by what I first supposed to be a fine specimen of a New York policeman, but, upon close examination, it proved to be a man-like gorilla dressed up as "one of the finest." He shook hands with me very kindly and was extremely civil, which constituted his greatest difference from his prototype, the aforesaid policeman.

The stores came in for a fair amount of inspection. The queer dry goods boxes, with one end knocked out, and the storekeeper sitting cross-legged in the middle of the shop. The gold and silversfiths, whose only tools were a stone hollowed out to hold a handful of burning charcoal, a board with a tough, hard wax poured on to hold the pieces being worked, a small hammer, two or three chisels, a square piece of smooth iron on the floor, used as an anvil, and some ragged pieces of bar gold, silver and copper. These men also sat cross-legged on the floor. (Come to think of it, I did not see anything like a chair in a native place.) Considering the crude tools, it was astonishing to me to see the beautiful work they turned out. There are some very fine Indian bazaars, which are veritable Marshall Fields on a small scale. I asked for all sorts of odd things, thinking to stump them, but they produced each time until I asked one of them if he had a Royal Bengal tiger in stock. He said no, but he would get me one on short notice. I bought four elephants from him, two in ivory and two in ebony, and some canes, which are very beautiful.

In the afternoon, we hired a trap and drove out into the country. What a sight it was! Cocoanut palms seventy-five feet high, with big bunches of nuts and long leaves at the very top. Great mango trees with half a dozen shades of foliage, ranging from pale yellow to a dark olive green. This is most striking, as these various shades are in bunches, and the tree has the appearance of having been worn out in places and

patched. The beautiful dwarf pineappale trees were plentiful also, and were quite a novelty to me. The pines I have seen heretofore have been fairly good sized trees, but these are only just clear of the ground when the fruit develops, and only one in each growth. Some few banana trees were seen, but they are small and not at all plentiful. Orange trees were conspicuous by their absence, and I am surprised, as this place should produce them plentifully, but I did not see a single tree during the entire trip.

We drove out a well-kept road through the cemeteries, both Catholic and native; the latter with tombs in it almost prehistoric, and shaded by bread fruit trees laden with the great watermelon-shaped spike-covered mystery. They seem to thrive particularly in graveyards. My old friend, Clissold, remarked that "our friends, the dead, were getting back into action quickly" which struck me as being quite clever.

On through a palm-thatched and walled native village that was one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. I will not attempt to describe them, but am sending you some photos from which you can get a good idea of what they are like. The women were sitting on the ground plating straw, and in some places they were at work in the field, hoeing rows of sweet potatoes and old-fashioned Indian corn. There were other vegetables growing, but I did not recognize anything except the above, and some egg plant vines. One of the features of the village was the common well which furnishes water for the community. It must have been the hour for washing the children, for there were some half a dozen women drawing water, emptying it into Standard Oil Company's empty cans with holes punched in the top, and then giving the kids a shower bath. Perhaps you know they were happy little niggers. About four miles from the city we came to one of the famous clove plantations, but, unfortunately, the season is just over, and there was not even a bud on the trees, but the leaves have a strong odor of the allspice and the place was most interesting.

We drove back slowly under the dense shade; the slanting rays of the setting sun casting strange shadows on the road-

way. There was some little mild profanity provoked on the trip, which will bear telling. We came to a little hill and were told by the driver that we would have to walk to the top, as the Maud S. we had in the shafts could not pull the load. We very promptly climbed down, and the big fat beast of a driver settled himself in the seat and drove off. We were in town in time to see the flag ceremony at 6 P. M., and imperiled our dignity by getting straddle of the nigger's neck and being dumped into a boat. I settled with Ferguson for the day but he came off to the ship with us to carry our burdens and waited for me. At 7:30 I was back on shore and in for a trip which proved most interesting. The streets, which had seemed narrow in the daylight, were simply splits in the darkness at night. Now, add to this the white-robed, barefooted heathen, moving silently, their dresses catching an occasional gleam of the moonlight and you will have as ghostly a scene as can possibly be imagined. Round-limbed girls of ten and twelve years, their skins shining like black satin, stood under the sputtering flame of an open-wick old light and solicited the passerby, but in a quiet way, and I did not see one sign of disorder during the entire evening; although I had Ferguson take me into the roughest quarter. I saw groups of men who would have struck terror to the hearts of Henry Morgan and his pirate crew, if piratical appearance counted for anything, but in each case they opened the way respectfully to let us pass. We finally landed back of the graveyards, and I must admit that I felt just a little uncomfortable until I got free from the tangle of hut-lined paths and back where I could at least see a ray of light, other than the fitful moonbeams. We passed the palace at 8 P. M. and his highness, the Sultan, came to the front of his second-story portico and allowed the faithful and such infidels as were fortunate enough to be present to gaze upon his august radiance for a brief moment, and then turned his aristocratic back upon the company gathered at the shrine of royalty. I picked up a stone and threw Ferguson into a fit by telling him I was going to shy it up at his saffron majesty, so as to make him turn around. Poor Ferguson thought he would be crucified head down for being particep crimini.

While waiting for his highness to show up, I had Ferguson bring me the necessary articles to try the betel nut chewing, so common here and in India among the natives. First, I cut some pieces from one of the nuts; then put some thick slacked lime on a green leaf, very similar in appearance and taste to our sassafras. This was rolled up and entered into the process. Next to follow was a small piece of tobacco, and then a few small cachus nuts. I turned loose about this time and spit something less than a quart of what looked like pure blood. The taste was not in the least unpleasant, and the effect was decidedly exhiliarating. I did not think I could ever acquire the habit, for I looked into a mirror shortly after, and I had the appearance of a bloody cannibal, just after finishing up a feast. I expected the red, blood-like stain to stay for some time, but my lips and teeth are natural color this morning.

We were back at the palace at 10:30, and just here I enjoyed a jolly laugh at Ferguson's expense. I pointed out a building that attracted my attention, and asked what it was. His reply was, "that is the blacksmith shop where they make the oil for the Sultan's lamps." It was rather an ingenious description of an electric light plant. A further walk of some minutes to the famous "stone ship" reservoirs built by the former Sultan, and then to the beach. Here I found the famous "Hotel de Bum." I counted thirty-seven guests scattered around in various positions on the sand fixed for the night. A fitting picture to finish the greatest day of sight-seeing I have ever had. I have not told you half the strange things I saw, nor have I given you even half a word-picture of the scenes I have tried to describe. As stated before, only the pen of a master can do justice to this strangest of strange places. Let me say just here that I had forgotten I had a touch of the African fever.

CHAPTER XXI.

GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

We anchored off Dar-es-Salaam at 9 yesterday morning after passing through a narrow neck of water and swinging into a beautiful inlet with a curved white sand beach, fringed by mangrove bushes, dwarf pines, cocoanuts, rubber trees flamboyan trees in full bloom, and the grand mango trees with the patches of vari-colored foliage. There never was a more perfect scene to illustrate the song, "From Greenland's Icy Mountain to India's Coral Strand." It was the coral strand all right, with all the trimmings, just as I had fancied it as a boy at Sunday school, and indeed it was the most betautiful tropical picture I have ever looked upon. I went ashore in the morning, but could not stay long, as it was too beastly hot, but at 4:30 I made another attempt and found it quite pleasant. Mrs. Benson and her little daughter accompanied me, and we had a most enjoyable excursion. We walked out through the town and found the streets well kept and some well-built and handsome houses. But the building that struck us most forcible was the Catholic Cathedral. It is a large stone structure (in the United States Navy they used to give a man ten days in solitary confinement on bread and water if he whistled on board ship, and I am sorry it is not the regulation here; I simply mention this in passing) with a bell tower and bell (may the Lord forgive them for this sin against law and order), and it is really an imposing affair. We went inside and found it filled up with various grades of chairs and some low, backless benches, evidently used for children. The altar was filled up in the usual bizarre style, with much color and tinsel, and I can understand it in this case, for it will appeal strongly to the native mind. There are several fine stained-glass windows telling the story of the "Man of Sorrow," and, most interesting of all, a rude fac-simile of the manger with the wax figure of the infant Jesus and the holy family, with the wise men climbing the rocks at the entrance to pay tribute to the future King of the spiritual world. The waxed Saviour looked very much

like the healthy hopeful of a successful brewer, but it told the story in all its beauty to the simple-minded natives, and they doubtless caught the meaning of "boundless and redeeming love" better from this crude picture than they would from one of Bishop Potter's sermons.

I have become a little shy on the missionary question, but I suppose they will finally do some good work among these black men. I have been beset this morning. In the first place, a beggar put my nerves on edge by coming into the smoking room whistling "Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer true." I next found a quiet place on deck, and in a few minutes I was in the midst of a chattering group discussing the cost of silk as priced in Zanzibar. I fled incontinently to the stern of the ship, and they have opened up a boiler shop just beneath me. I shall order a bath, I think, to cool off before lunch, for sure I am hot.

It is quiet at last, but I have been bedeviled all day, so that it has quite upset me, and it is doubtful if I will be able to get my mind running smoothly again this afternoon, unless I can catch the restful siprit of the Church, as we felt it at the time we stood by the Christmas shrine. As we left the Church we met the Bishop, dressed in the garb so familiar to us, so far as the cut and arrangement, but he was all in white from the shovel hat to the canvas shoes. The red sash of office and the golden chain about his neck, holding the cross, were the only bits of color in his outfit. I lifted my hat to him reverently for a man willing to serve the Master in this fever-stricken and benighted country is both a brave and a holy man, and I honor and respect him; although I do believe the same effort put forth in Roosevelt street in New York city would get better returns for the money and energy expended. Of course, there would not be the same romance attached to that service as there is to the work of a "servant of the Lord in darkest Africa," and women are not the only ones who plead guilty to a weakness along this line. When the good Bishop had gone on his holy way, we turned our footsteps toward the public gardens, and found it a beautiful walk. The avenue was bordered on each side by rubber trees, throwing out limbs twenty-five feet

long, and giving a grateful shade to the roadway. Later on we came to and walked through another avenue shaded on both sides by the wonderful Flamboyan trees, with their fern-like leaves and crown of scarlet. The road was made of the crushed coral that shown white as snow in the sunlight. Now, you can complete the contrasting picture with this border of green and red.

The garden itself is rather disappointing, but that is always the case in tropical countries. The whole world is such a riot of color and foliage that it is quite impossible to make a garden noticeable. We walked through to the ocean, and came back along the beach. This part of our trip was most interesting. I thought I had seen some few sand crabs at Virginia Beach, but here were millions, and all of them busy as ants, bringing up balls of sand as they worked to dig out a new house after the tide of a few hours since had destroyed their former labors. Up near the town the coral reef comes up and forms the beach. Here we found different kinds of crabs; some of them were quite large and had blood-red claws, still others carried great shells on their backs, their castle in life and also their tombs. The tide came in before we got back to the landing, and we had to intrude upon private grounds to get back to the roadway. Here we had a chance to inspect the dwarf pineapple plants. Many of them were ripe, and I did want to pull one, but I was afraid I would bring on international complications if I did. Just as we reached the landing, the "Army" came out from the barracks. It consisted of about eighty coons, with old-fashioned muskets, and two white officers in command. The colonel was mounted on a zebra, and the adjutant on a donkey, which he had to ride English fashion to keep his feet from the ground. It was a funny sight; and talk about proud niggers, mum!

When I came on deck this morning, we were passing the lighthouse outside of Zanzibar, and at 8:30 were at anchor off the town. I would like to have gone ashore here again, but we only remained an hour, and then headed for Tanga. We skirted close to the shore for three hours and were much interested in the plantations as seen from the ship. Many of the houses were grand in proportion and most beautifully situated.

I have thought of a dozen things which escaped my mind when writing about Zanzibar, but I will tell you about the shower bath, water girls, punka boys, and a hundred other quaint things when I see you. When I came on board last night a native landed at the gangway with a half-grown chimpanzee. The beast started up the ladder behind me, holding on to the guide rope and walking as straight as a man. I did not get up fast enough to suit him, and you should have heard him swear at me. His language was awful, which is another proof that the missionaries are not doing their full duty. Well, he was the funniest fellow I ever met with in the way of a monkey. He shook hands with me very cordially when we got on deck, and asked pardon for being so impatient. He ate two bananas and a mango; then his valet brought him a basin, with water and a towel. You should have seen him wash his hands and face and then use the towel. The performance was as good as a circus. He left us at Tanga, but we got a good photo of him, which I shall treasure, if it turns out all right. We came to anchor off Tanga at 4 P. M. and I was soon on shore. The place is not near as pretty as Dar-es-Salaam, but I enjoyed my little excursion, as I have every minute of my time, except when the infernal band plays. (Its playing now.) The passengers are going to stay up and watch the old year out, and what a strange new year it will be for us.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Well, we sent the old year out in great shape last night. Much to my surprise we got under way at 10 o'clock, and at 10:30 were clear of the channel, and were heading up coast for Mombasa. The band (there are times when I can only express myself in an unknown tongue) came up about 10:45 and we were soon trying to accommodate our steps to the strains of the

Blue Danube. Mrs. Benson is an extremely clever dancer, and in a little while we forgot the horror of the music in the poetry of the motion. I did not dance with any-one else, and, therefore, had a chance to look over the scene undisturbed from time to time. It was extremely pretty. The sea was mirror-like and reflected the nearly full moon. The ship moved along majestically, throwing a furrow of phosphorescent waves from her bow. The passengers were all in evening dress, and every one happy, although thoughts of the absent loved ones would sometimes give us a mental twinge. There are certain sets on board, as is always the case on a long voyage, and they were gathering in groups, laughing and chatting. Our party was in the saloon, and now and again a bit of song would float out over the water during intervals of the band. Just a few minutes before midnight word was passed for every one to go forward, which we did, and found a liberal bowl of punch and an invitation from the captain to drink to the health of the New Year. Every one stood silent just before the stroke of the bell, and when it sounded you would have thought you were in New York with the Fourth of July and New Year rolled into one. Men were stationed all over the ship with red and blue lights, which were touched off. All the bells in the ship were rung; the whistle was turned loose in full blast, and everybody yelled like Piute Indians. It was a great show, and as the lights burned low we raised our glasses and drank "prossit" to the coming year. Then there were toasts to the captain and officers, absent ones and the Parson. There was also a most laughable feature to the celebration. We shipped some seventy or eighty Indians and Arabs at Tanga, going to Aden. Early in the evening they spread their mats, rolled themselves in their blankets and were soon dreaming of Houris and Nirvani, according to nationality. Imagine, if you can, the effect upon their peaceful slumbers when all that uproar started.

I talked with one of the old Indians this morning, and he told me he did not believe in the white man's hell, but when he awoke last night he thought he had been mistaken.

He told me he had never been so badly frightened in his

life, and that every one of the natives thought the last sad rites were being gone through with. When the good wishes had gone around and the band played the various national anthems, we had another bowl of punch and went to bed. Somehow I could not go to sleep, although I was very tired after the trip on shore, the dance and other excitement. The result was I did not wake up in time to go on shore this morning, and missed Mombasa, as we were about to sail when I came on deck. I was awfully sorry to miss this, as it is one of the most interesting places in Africa. It was a very important point during the early days of the Arabic supremacy. I could see a number of their old dismantled fortifications, and a watch-tower which I would so much like to have inspected. This is all coral formation, and the undercut reef is very strange in some places. I noticed one in particular at the eastern point of the island this morning. It seemed to be about five feet above the general stucco work. Another curious thing was a regular forest growing up out of the sea at this point. As near as I can ascertain this is the mangrove, and some of them were good-sized trees. When the tide goes out the sun gets at their base and they thrive wonderfully.

We were all clear of land by noon, only a faint outline being seen in the west, and on our five days' trip to Aden, and the place where Pharaoh's army got "drowned."

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR FELLOW PASSENGERS.

We have a queer lot of passengers on the forward deck. The great German scientist and hunter, Herr Schilling, is on board, and has quite a menagerie with him. By far the most interesting of the collection is a baby rhino eighteen months old. She is quite good natured, and it is amusing to see the tenderness she exhibits towards her goat companions. Frequently one is put into the cage with her and they have a

regular love feast. Herr Schilling also has two of the very valuable "Colobus Candatus." The Colobus is a very large black monkey with a fringe of long white hair running from the shoulders low down the sides and meeting on the hips. It has the appearance of a beautiful cape, and this rare dress is made complete by a bushy white tail which matches the cape. Herr Schilling tells me these monkeys cannot be tamed under any circumstances, and he put the case very cleverly by saying, "They are like some of the tribes, rather be free and starve than be well cared for in captivity." Another cage contains three lion cubs, and these afford no end of amusement for the passengers. We tie a string to their collars and play the role of Zenobia, or Bob Fitzsimmons, or whoever it was who created such a sensation with a tame man-eater. These little beasts are like kittens, and I enjoy "wooling" them. One of them will stand up and box like Jim Corbett.

I went down on the lower deck yesterday at feeding time, and it was like 4 o'clock at the Bronx Park. Such a babble! Goats, dogs, monkeys, parrots, vultures, storks, chicken and mongoose. The cages of these various beasts and birds were piled up, in many places, on the deck, and the booms and riging were hung with bunches of bananas in various stages of ripeness. Bundles of sugar cane, strings of alligator pears and baskets of mangoes; the hatch covered with red, green, blue, yellow and some of all colored mats, and packages of household goods tied up in pieces of matting. Indians and Arabs, sashed and turbined, the women veiled and pantalooned, and all sitting cross-legged in picturesque groups. Some of the Indians are great smokers. I saw one aspirant for Krishna's favor, about eighteen months old, abandon its mother's breast to tackle a cigarette, and he held on to it, although the breast was held most temptingly toward him.

I was on the fo'castle this evening and watched one of the Musselmen go through his devotions. I tell you it was interesting. First, he washed his head, hands and feet; then spread his prayer mat so he could prostrate himself towards the setting sun. He then stood erect upon one end of the mat, his lips moving in prayer. At the expiration of two minutes he placed

his hands upon his lips and made a right-angle triangle of his body; then head and knees to the floor, with hands clasped across his breast. In a few minutes he was erect again, and this time he clasped his left wrist with his right hand, instead of letting his arm hang at his side, as at first. A minute later he raised his hands to a level of his face and made a motion wonderfully like that made by the female Russel Brothers, when he says "go an' now." Back to the right-angle triangle, and then head down. Three times he went through this same evolution and then stood for some time with head bowed. I was wonderfully impressed by the superb courage which made it possible for this man to brave the open sneers and laughter by which he was surrounded. Heathen, he may be, and no doubt is, but in my opinion God will recognize such faith and devotion, even if Mahomit is the mediator instead of Christ.

Talking later with Mr. Gillison, I questioned the number of Christians who would exhibit this same faith and courage. It would be a case of "where there are two or three gathered together," if you had them all, I think.

We had divine service on board this morning, but I did not get up until noon, so I missed it. Don't think it was a case of laziness. I had an invitation last night from the first officer to go on watch with him at 4 o'clock this morning, and was up promptly at that time. I had a most delightful two hours. He kindly allowed me to take a meridian of Beta Centauri, and I was surprised to find I had not forgotten how to "bring a star to the horizon." I believe with a little study I could work out the ship's position, although it had been twenty-three years since I held a sextant in my hands. How vividly it brought back the old days—days when my only hope was that I might some day walk the bridge with four gold stripes on my arm, but the "Great Admiral" destined me for other duty, and He only knows how faithfully I have tried and how utterly I have failed to do it. Still there is a world of sunshine all about me, and next to the satisfaction of being captain of a ship comes the pleasure of sailing on one, so I am most fortunate after all. Many poor beggars do not even get near their hopes.

We crossed the Equator at 8 o'clock yesterday evening, but Neptune did not get on board. There were no candidates for admission to the courts of his highness, as every one on board ship is more or less of an old salt.

We are having the most glorious weather. The northeast monsoon is blowing, making it deliciously cool, even in midday, and the sea is all alive, tossing the white caps, whilst the spray curls from the ship's bow in graceful curves, catching the sunlight and falling back into the sea in liquid pearls, diamonds, emeralds and amythyst, saphires and a blend of all the colors which make radiant opals. The old-fashioned King's ransom, so often spoken of in song and story, would not be worth considering when compared to this royal display. The sunsets are no longer a blaze of glory, such as seen a few evenings since, and I am surprised, for as I remember the display at and near the Equator along the American coast was most gorgeous at all times. Of course, this is easy to account for when we come to think about it—*this is not America.*

I have been trying for some time to think of something interesting to write about, but there is a gang of noisy Germans here in the smoking-room playing escrate, and you would think it was the New York Cotton Exchange when Sully got on the floor. I never heard such a set of noisy people in my life. There is nothing for me to do but give it up. There is too much wind on deck, and one of the "song birds" is practicing for the concert, so I think I will visit my friends, the monkeys. No doubt they will kick up a beastly row as soon as I get amongst them; they generally do, and I am in doubt as to how to feel about it.

Whilst on my visit to the monkeys an Indian woman appeared whom I had not seen before. For a moment I felt I was in the presence of some wonderful species of butterfly that had just broken her crysilis. Her shirtwaist was made of royal purple silk, gracefully draped over her breast; the skirt, also draped and coming to the ankles, was the brightest cherry red, embroidered with silver thread and turquois colored beads. A glaring orange mantilla, with cloth of gold border about two inches wide, framed her face, which was both delicate

in contour and extremely pretty. She wore green bloomers, coming to the ankles, around which were four silver rings, two on each leg, and each one inch in diameter. I counted eleven silver bracelets around one wrist, besides a broad band of beads. The other arm was similarly adorned, but I could not count her trinklets, as the mantilla fell over the left arm. An ornament of heavy gold filigree adorned the nose, hanging quite over the lips, besides three gold buttons in each of the nostrils, Two large balls of gold filigree hung in the ears. Her eyes were stained with the kolo nut, fingers and toe nails made red with the henna leaf, and the outfit of the most wonderfully garbed mortal I ever looked upon was complete. Strange to say, it all seemed in harmony and did not hurt the eye as much as some "fashion plates" I have seen on State Street, Chicago.

I was forward in the third-class this evening and overheard a conversation which was about as original and entertaining as anything I ever listened to in all my life. There are three or four English navy's among the third-class passengers, and they were discussing the fare furnished in their department. One fellow said: "I say, old chummy, this blooming ship is giving us horful grub; blarst me, if it isn't rotten and none of it." A third party joined in here and said he did not think it was so bad, in fact, he said it was quite as good as was served on the English ships. This seemed to stir all the eloquence of the kicker and he proceeded to prove by illustration that the German ships were no good, from the food standpoint. He said: "Did you ever notice how the seagulls follow a blooming Hinglish ship? Well, did you ever see one in the wake of this blooming tub? No, and you won't. The gulls come out and circle overhead, and if you listen you can hear them say, 'hits no good, old chap, she's got the rings around the blooming funnel, and there won't be anything floating astern but old papers, and not much of that.' They feeds the first-class and pass down wots left to the second, and when they gets through with it it comes to us, and when we gets through with it it goes to the crew, and when the crew gets through with it the birds and animals have to 'unt elsehere." Much is lost in the telling of this, but it was extremely funny.

Miss B. came up on deck this evening and we went aft to watch the sun go down. There is an Arab priest traveling second class, and he was going through his evening devotions. We three were alone on the deck and it was an impressive scene—the white-clad, tense and silent figure outlined, where he stood, against the saffron sky and yellow light of the setting sun; his face sublime in its calm assurance; his eyes gleaming with religious fervor, and his lips moving in silent prayer. It was worthy of some true artist's brush, for the sun went down just as he finished his prayer, while the eastern sky was made glorious by the rising of the full moon. Later on I watched the rifts of clouds drift across her beautiful face like a bridal veil, and at times they would catch a soft radiance, which lit up their edges with mother of pearl tints. I was slow to leave the deck, but I had a strenuous day, and felt that I must go to bed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GREAT HUNTER.

We had another series of games on board yesterday, but I did not take any active part in them, as they are distinctly not in my line. There are a number of Englishmen on board, however, and you could bring one of them out of his coffin by that one magic word, "sport," if spoken before the lid was screwed down. The people seem to enjoy the excitement, and we had the egg and spoon race, pillow and bar fight, whistling race and the inevitable sack race; but I had much writing to do and did not witness any of the stirring events. In fact, I have been turning mental hand-springs backwards trying to figure out how I was going to get a heart-to-heart talk with the great Herr Schilling. I had ventured some few timid remarks to him when he was done feeding his pets, and had made love to his lion cubs on the principle that if you want to win the mother you must call the babies sweet names. Herr Schilling was

A MASAI WAR CHIEF.

very courteous to me, but he is so confounded big and fine looking that he had me feeling like the proverbial 30 cents when I was in his presence. However, I caught him in the smoking-room this evening and I said to myself: Now, Herr Schilling is a good German and there is a cask of cold beer on tap, so the way was clear. I sided up and said, "Woolen sie ein glas bier haben?" Judge of my surprise when he assured me most positively that he never touches anything in the way of spirituous liquors, except in the case of serious illness, I said to him, "almost thou persuadest me to foreswear when I know what you have endured in the way of physical hardships." This was the beginning of one of the most delightful three hours I ever spent. Herr Schilling went below and brought up three portfolios of photos he had taken on this trip. Every one of these called up a story, which was all too brief. One showed a drove of twenty-five elephants, and when he told of this his face got tense, for, as he afterwards informed me, this same herd charged and he about gave up all hope of coming out alive, as he was in the open, with no shelter or way of escape, but by some strange freak of elephant nature they swerved to the left when within fifty yards and passed him by, leaving, however, a monster tusker behind to mark the event. I am free to confess that had it been me I would have been only too glad to let them go unmolested. Herr Schilling tells me he considers this the very closest call he has ever had during all his years of hunting, although he has been bowled over once by an elephant and once by an enraged lion. This time the spirit of the reporter had fully taken possession of me, and Herr Schilling was interested in the stories of his jungle life. The light was insufficient to see the photos well, and our genial captain sent to his cabin and had his student lamps brought down. One picture showed a lion crouching down, just ready to spring on a poor ox chained and quivering with mortal terror. It is a whole volume in suppressed excitement, as full of thrill to us as one of the Old Cap Collier's detective stories to a New York messenger boy. Another showed the cautious approach of a cowardly jackal to a tethered goat. Still another showed the feast of a hyena, on the left, over supper of some more heroic

beast, whilst two hungry jackals looked on enviously. Yet others showed rhinos, hippos, lions, deer and zebra at their watering places. These pictures have been taken with a special apparatus made by Herr Surz, of Friedenau, Germany, and is the result of joint experiments made by Captain Kiesling, of the German Colonial Service, and himself. This apparatus uses automatic flashlight, which is struck when the string attached is touched by the animal to be photographed. Herr Schilling tells me he has one showing a lion just as he has caught a donkey by the neck, and before the hind legs has reached the victim. He has kindly promised to show me this unusual picture when I visit him at his home in Duren, near Cologne, next month, and also let me see the method of taking pictures. It is needless to say I look forward to this visit with much pleasure. Herr Schilling tells me he is returning from his fourth expedition; that his first was a total failure; his second not much better, but when he went home the last time he was received by the Emporer and had the honor of lecturing before him. Up to the present time he has only published his lectures, but he will compile them, add his recent experience, and publish the whole in book form. I do not know what title this interesting volume will come under, but I strongly urge my readers to look out for a jungle book by Herr Schilling and buy it. It will be a rare purchase at any price. His former trophies and his present collection will about complete three sets of the South African Museum of National History. I was much surprised to learn that Herr Schilling was conducting these expeditions personally and at his own expense. Had he returned to the States with a record such as he had on his last trip, the *New York Journal* would have had him on their staff with an unlimited bank account to draw from. As it is, Herr Schilling must have a royal fund or else he will have to be looking up some of our American female lion hunters. Herr Schilling is not married, and there would be some sense and reason in a case like this, for the girl would get a tall, straight, clean-limbed, clear-eyed chap, whom it is a pleasure to know, instead of some lisping, moncoled ass, whose bloodless body can only be equaled by his characterless soul. Just here a brief

description would be in place. Herr Schilling stands six feet two inches; well-developed shoulders and built from the head down, on the lines of the panther which he has hunted so successfully; a well-set head, only partly covered with the light, silky hair characteristic of his race; broad forehead; eyes like Frank James, only more kindly; well-shaped nose and a most pleasing mouth, showing lines of great firmness and determination. Small, well-shaped hands and feet and a skin the color of a Malay, completes the picture of this very interesting man. He allowed me to see his breast and arms last night, and I put my arm beside his. You would have said it was impossible for us to be of the same type. I never saw such a distinct contrast. He tells me he seldom wears any garment other than a thin silk shirt on the upper part of the body, and they had short sleeves, besides being open to the waist more than half the time. A pair of khaki pants, a pith helmet, cummerbund and goggles and a pair of low shoes made up his hunting outfit for personal wear. I asked him in regard to the danger of snakes when he mentioned the low shoes, and was assured that snakes were not even considered. I suppose Herr Schilling has become so impressed by the real danger of elephant hunti that even a colbra de capello would not cause a passing thought, but the terror of Eden is still upon me, and if I had to wade through swamps and such places as Herr Schilling described I would want a pair of boots to my neck made of Harveyized steel. Herr Schilling verified the reports I have had from other noted hunters to the effect that the elephant is the emperor of the forest, and that all animals find they have important business in another part of the woods when his highness comes around to visit. In reply to my inquiry as to the most dangerous game to hunt, I was most emphatically told "the buffalo." Herr Schilling assured me a wounded buffalo would hunt his assailant like a dog would trail a fox, and the fox and the hunter would both end alike—if they got caught. Lions are not considered dangerous until they grow old and are no longer able to go a-field in search of their regular prey, and even then the old fellow would prefer a tough donkey to a nice, tender man, unless the man was fat and black, then the donkey

has about equal chances. It is a frequent experience to have a complete circle of lions around you entertaining you with a chorus from the "Lion Tamers," or some other operatic air suitable to the occasion, but for my part I would prefer the Stock Company at the Bijou in Il Trovatore, bad as it was. Herr Schilling tells me he has seen as many as fourteen lions in one group, and that he bagged three of these with five shots. This is another case where I would have quietly climbed a tree to get a better view of the country, and I might add, in passing, that my interest in the landscape would have continued unabated until the last of that picturesque bunch had disappeared, and I would have checked them off very carefully as they withdrew from the scene. Since talking with Herr Schilling I have decided to do my hunting of lions like Mark Twain made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and then only with stereoptican views taken at Bronx Park.

Many animals are protected throughout all Africa as a direct result of the Game Association meeting held in London two years ago. Herr Schilling was the accredited commissioner from Germany, and there were representatives from every nation having possessions in Africa. They drafted certain laws, which are reasonably well enforced, with the result that the gnu or eland, giraffe and zebra are absolutely protected and have been for several months. There is some difference in the regulations and rules for hunting in the various protectorates. For instance, in the German district a hunter pays one rupee for each springbok and then up to one hundred rupee for an elephant. This strikes me as being a much better plan than the English, in that the would-be slayer in English territory must plank down fifty pounds before he can even go on to the grounds with a gun. Having in view my last experience as a hunter, and remembering that I wasted about two pounds of ammunition shooting at birds, which were never more than ten yards from the muzzle of the gun, together with the painful fact that I never even knocked a tail feather out, I have decided to do my hunting on the German ground, but I sincerely hope they have some other source of revenue, or else better hunters than myself, otherwise the game-keeper would sure go broke.

It is hard to realize that sections exist where all the animals we look at with open-eyed astonishment in the zoo are yet running wild. Herr Schilling tells me that wild beasts will be plentiful in Africa for the next hundred years. Of course, the march of civilization means the extinction of game, but the march of civilization is precious slow in this country. This brings me to the most interesting part of my talk with Herr Schilling. He tells me his time was mostly spent in the land of the Masai, and these are by far the most mysterious of the many strange tribes of this mysterious land. Let me digress here for just one moment, and call attention to something which I noted, and which puzzled me very much at the time. I would have mentioned it, but would have had to infer that some one of our Jewish friends had gone wrong morally, and, of course, I would not do that for worlds, so I did not mention that among our boys who came on board at Durban to work the cargo to Zanzibar, was a black Jew. This man had the Jewish cast of features in every particular—the hook nose, the restless eyes, stooped shoulders, which he would lift in a perfect Jewish shrug when he could not express himself otherwise. In fact, given straight hair and a less black face and I would have asked him when he left Third Avenue. Now, here is the strange part of the story. Herr Schilling tells me the Masai have many traits similar to the Jews; that they practice circumcision, and that their form of worship is very like that practiced by the ancient semitic races. He also informs me that a Captain Marker has been working amongst this tribe for a number of years and has collected their traditions and tabulated them, together with data which will prove beyond any reasonable doubt that the Masai is an offshoot of the semitic race. It seems there is a tribal division here along precisely the same lines as practiced in Bible times—that is, the Masai proper were, and are, raisers of cattle, tending the flocks and herds as did the tribe of Abraham. Now, in this same country is another tribe identified with the Masai in all things except marriage, which are known as the Amorio, and these in turn are an amalgamation of two tribes, one of which, their traditions tell us, were hunters, the others planters and reapers of grain. These now correspond with our no-account negroes of

the South, and are comparatively poor, stealing a little, and hunting less for a living. As before stated, these people maintain separate casts, although both have the same story to tell of a former existence, dating back from four to six thousand years, and the same God above, whom they worship. This opens up a question of boundless interest, and it is to be hoped Captain Marker's book will soon be translated into English so we can follow his line of reasoning. By the way, Marker claims he can make whole many of the incomplete Bible stories without a break. I naturally asked the question, "What is the moral condition of the native?" and his answer was the same as I have gotten from all disinterested persons whom I have asked this same question, and was, "They are very decent until they come under the influence of the white man."

One curious custom I must mention. The two sexes of the same age, say from twelve to fifteen and from fifteen to twenty, mingle freely, but the children must not go with the youths and maidens, nor are the older ones allowed to mingle with the children. One would naturally suppose that bastardy would be frequent, but if a woman gives birth to a child before she is regularly married she would be slain. So there is less of this sort of thing than in the land where the only penalty is $40 payment from the man and a change of residence by the woman, so she can pose as a young and interesting widow. It does not seem that the same code of morals will do for both sexes, and no more will the same religious teaching be productive of good for both people. Asked in regard to the work of the missionary brought out an expression of doubt, which was almost a certainty that our efforts along that line are hopeless. Herr Schilling tells me he has known several of the Masai who have been sent to Germany and well educated, but they were no sooner under the shade of a cocoanut tree before the white shirt of civilization was discarded for the piece of leopard skin, and the respectable trousers for a loincloth and leg decorations in clay.* We have this same experience with our Carlisle

*The daily papers have recently told of a specific case where a native had been brought to America, educated thoroughly, and sent out as a missionary to his tribe. The account goes on to say that the reformed and supposedly regenerated savage had repudiated the faith and become the chief of his tribe of devil worshippers.

redemptions of the noble Red Man. Six months after he returns to the plains he is wrapped in his blanket, doing mental gymnastics trying to forget all he has learned, except his taste for tobacco and whiskey.

Let me quote Herr Schilling's own words: "The negro is a born slave, and will never fill any other sphere in the economy of nations with any degree of success. Given full liberty and he becomes licentious; given education and he becomes lazy and vain like a spoilt child." This tallies perfectly with statements made by others whom I have talked with, and religion and civilization, as we understand them, seems to have poor soil in which to thrive. I have always held to this opinion, and feel that it has been verified. Should this conviction become general it will cut down the list of martyrs, who win a crown of glory and the heart of the prettiest girl in the church at the same time. I do not mean to speak harshly of the missionary, but I can find no reason to change my belief that it would be far better for our faithful followers to get around Chatham Square and try to do the Master's work. My information regarding the negro missionary coincides with Herr Schilling's opinion. He tells me they are a positive curse to the country and to their black brethren whom they are sent out to uplift and lead to the pathway of truth and righteousness, but who really puts forth a far greater effort to impress his inferior brothers with his own importance.

Of course, I could not let Herr Schilling go until he had told me something of the tetse fly, for it is next to the labor question in the Transvaal in point of interest. Herr Schilling takes issue with the commission sent out by the Belgian Government, and whose report has recently been published, in which they claim this peculiar fly is the direct cause of that most peculiar of diseases known as the "sleeping sickness." Herr Schilling maintains that fever, sleeping sickness and all kindred diseases can be traced to the bite of the mosquito.

At this point I felt that I had about worn the patience of our genial explorer to a frazzle, so I said, "Only one more question, Herr Schilling, and I will not bother you any more to-night." Just here he interrupted me with, "My dear sir, don't mention having troubled me; I have often heard of the

I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL.

clean and law and order seems to prevail. Now, let us look at the condition of the coast of the Portuguese section. We ran close along the shore for miles and miles, but there was no light, other than the one at Lorenco Marques. And take the town of Lorenco Marques at Delagoa Bay. Here we find filth in the street, vile smells everywhere, and a general air of don't-care-a-damness, which the new word fails to fully express.

As usual, I fled to the fo-castle when the band began to make a noise this morning, and had a most delightful talk with a youngster who is going home third-class after about fifteen months of "Johnsonitis." He read Sir Harry Johhson's glowing accounts of his conquest of the South African animal kingdom, and although he was only seventeen years old at the time, he fitted himself out and came down here hoping, and believing, that he would have to charter the Burgemeister to carry home his elephant tusks and lion skins, but instead, his trophies are all in one very small box, whilst he is feeding on the third edition and sleeping on the soft side of an oak plank; but he is a very nervy chap, and it would not surprise me if he got himself together and turned this experience to account after all. He spent nine months in the vicinity of Kilima Noschara, with the Masai. He quite verified Herr Schilling's account of these people. The young man also told me of the Liona boys under sixteen, and of the circumcision which takes place at the age of sixteen, and the lad's exultant cry of 'Manu me, manu que'ly," which means "I am a man now."

He is a warrior from that time and permitted to bear arms. His career now opens and he starts out to raise or steal enough cattle to buy a wife. Failing to do either he remains a warrior for the balance of his life. As soon, however, as he gets married he lays aside the spear and shield and takes up the rhino-hide whip with which to begin his life work of beating his women. These Masai are the most expert cattle thieves in the world, and he cited an instance where a man bought some two hundred, which had been taken from the tribe as a fine for some offence, and sold. Within a week after the purchase there was not even a cow's tail left of the herd, and I thought of some of our chicken experiences down home.

I almost missed my dinner to-night, because there was something new on in the way of a sunset. We were just abreast of Cape Guardafui when the sun went down behind it. The headlands just to the south are quite high and much like Table Mountain at Cape Town. This plateau rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 2,000 feet. The face is scarred and torn as by some seething fire. Mr. Clissold aptly likened it to the ragged edge of the world, but all this was etheralized as the sun went down. The mountain itself was cloud-capped and black patches of clouds were scattered over the entire western sky. The sunset differed from any other I have ever seen, in that the clouds did not take on one touch of color, but turned from the snow-white of the early evening to a blue-black at twilight, and these assumed fanciful shapes against a crimson sky. The sky was not crimson in places or in strata, as is so often the case, but one solid glow—deep, intense, like the robe of a cardinal. And against this royal perspective the silver stars shone out.

We had the fancy dress ball on board last night, and it was a most enjoyable affair. The presence of so many Arabs and Indians made it possible to fit up some elaborate costumes. Mrs. Benson was gotten up as an Eastern Princess, and she looked the part, but the first prize went to "Fatima," much to old Bluebeard's satisfaction. She was dressed as a baby. Mr. Sterling was happily fitted up as a Bacchus, and acted the part well, even to the extent of kissing another's man's wife—a thing no one but Bacchus would dare to do in public. The Parson looked superb as a Parsee, and had the sun been shining he no doubt would have given less attention to the bewitching Gretchen. Under the circumstances, however, he was quite the same old Parson, save for the dress. Herr Schilling was stately as the Shiek Al Raschid, and was surrounded by a goodly number of willing slaves, of both sexes. Mr. Best, however, won the gentleman's prize, and he was certainly most handsomely dressed as an Arab. The programme of the dance was well arranged, and the deck in splendid condition, but unfortunately I am still a little seedy, so did not take any active part in the fun.

The feature of the evening, however, was the "Cafe Bauer," like its namesake in "Under den Linden," Berlin. The smoking-room was fitted up beautifully with flags, and the saloon deck was brilliant with bunting and paper lanterns. The scene was something to remember, and every one had a good time. Our captain is very jovial, and enters heartily into all amusements. Last night when we were in the Cafe Bauer he entertained us with a German drinking song with a chorus of "Oh, jerum, jerum, jerum; Oh, quæ mutatio rerum!" Everybody was sleepy this morning, but I was up as usual and spent the morning in the engine-room with the chief engineer. An engine-room of a steamship has been described so often that I shall pass it up, as there were no experiences. The captain just told me we would be in Aden at 11 o'clock to-night and leave at six in the morning. I am sorry, as that will make it impossible to visit the town, unless we make a night of it, as we did at Las Palmas.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADEN AND BAB-IL-MANDEB.

We thought Cape Guardafui was the ragged edge of the world, but found it was but the "selvedge" compared to the mountains at Aden. We saw the headland under the most happy circumstances last night as we came into the bay. A big, bright moon was shining just behind it, and every jutting crag and cone-like peak was brought out as clearly as jet black against silver could be. In general shape it was much like Gibraltar when first seen, but that was when the lower peaks were hidden by higher ones, so the actual crest line could not be seen. Soon as we rounded into the harbor the likeness was lost, for Gibraltar rises with almost a smooth line to the highest point and ends abruptly, whilst the headland at Aden is the ending of a range of mountains running apparently up the entire coast of the Red Sea on the Arabian side. Just

before we came to anchor we had a great treat in the way of a bit of limelight effect. A heavy cloud drifted down over the mountain, shutting out every ray of light, except a shaft which lit up the water just at its base. Judge, if you can, the wonderful picture which was made when a "dhow" under sail drifted slowly into this silver radiance. It looked as if it had been gotten up specially for our benefit.

I found we were not to sail to-day until 9 A. M., so Mr. Clissold, Mr. Gillison and myself were up at 4 A. M., ready for an early excursion on shore. By dint of much yelling on the part of the policeman that was on board to keep order among the men engaged in coaling ship, which, by the way, he failed to do, we managed to get a boat, and about 5 o'clock we were on the shore of "Araby the blest." It was not long before we realized the fact that we were at last in the East of Bible story, for the first sight that greeted our eyes was a string of camels laden with wood, moving along the road in ghostly silence. Steamer Point, where we landed, is about five miles from town, so we had to look about us for a conveyance for the trip. We tried to prevail upon our driver to hook up a camel instead of the steed (?) he brought us, so that we could travel in the pure Eastern style, with the fourteenth century improvement in the way of the carriage furnished us, but were informed that "only niggers drove camels," and "that white gentlemen always had horses." I asked him why an exception was made in our case, and fear I hurt his feelings, for he was evidently driving that goat under hypnotic influence and felt convinced it was an Arabian Charger. I offered him a half crown for the beast, thinking he would enact the role of that famous Arab, whom I used to shed tears over when I was a boy, and say "take back your gold," but I came near having a bad bargain on my hands. We drove along the moonlit road, past camels and donkeys—droves of them—some laden with a sort of fodder, others with bales and boxes piled to a monumental height. There was a man perched on the top of one of these towers. He never clung to that pile while the camel got up from his knees, for I tried it once without any impediments. I was also in an earthquake at Cairo one time, and have never

been able to distinguish between the two, except by the smell. That fellow either used a ladder and climbed up or else a tree dropped him down. We followed a serpentine road up the mountain—one side walled and in excellent condition—(an evidence that the red flag of old England floats here) and then passed through a kloof, partly natural and partly made. This is bridged over the top, and was most picturesque, as it was clearly defied against the red sky of the dawn. Just as we drove into the gloom of this tunnel-like place our ears were assailed by the most awe-inspiring roars I ever listened to. These awful sounds were coming from the pit of darkness into which the unregenerated son of Abdalla was recklessly driving us. I asked him if he would not kindly stop and let me out, as I was very anxious to obtain a view from the top of the hill. Whilst Abdul was trying to explain that the side of the mountain was perfectly straight up and down just at this point, and that a goat, even his goat "Bishmilla," could not climb it, the cause of all this desire on my part to break my neck, made its appearance, and proved to be a camel. I asked Abdul what the dickens that beast meant by kicking up such a row at that hour of the night and was told that it was a quiet way the camel had of protesting against an overload. It may be all right, but I am in for a "night camel" just as sure as I go to bed and am going to mistake it for about seventeen ravenous man-eating Nubian lions in full pursuit of me.

We passed through the kloof, and could look down upon the sleeping city, which was still in the gloom, although the sky was tinted with the glow of early dawn. The town looked like lumps of loaf sugar scattered in the bottom of some gigantic saucer, whose edges were notched worse than a New England pie. Running along, and up one side of this saucer-like hill, were the tank fronts, which are the most interesting features of Aden. These tanks are thirty in number and were discovered and restored in 1856. No one knows just when they were originally built. The guide-books say all the way from 200 to 2,000 years before Christ, and one of the guides assured me they were built 600 years before Adam's time, but I question the accuracy of this information. We drove down through

the still sleeping town, and saw the people lying on the sidewalks or on rough camp beds, draped in thier white sheet, which serve as the complete dress during the day. The occasional bray of a donkey, bleat of a goat, or groan of a camel indicated the restlessness of the coming day, and from time to time we would see a sleepy-eyed black Senegambian, or yellow Arab, unwrap his sheet and join the waking world. By the time we reached the park enclosure at the tanks we had a drove of half-naked, sore-eyed Samolis howling about us, wanting to be our guides. I instituted a sort of civil service examination here just for the purpose of ascertaining the qualifications of the average guide in these parts. Our candidate had an English vocabulary of just nine words, two of which were doubtful, but he beat his competitors by three words, and we accepted his services. Of course, he was of very great assistance to us. He called our special attention to the largest tank. This is built to hold only something like a half million gallons, and we would likely have missed it, as our pathway was fully ten feet from the railing. He also called our attention to a well of salt water 150 feet deep. I scarcely think we would have missed this, as we had to walk around to keep from falling into it. In fact, his services were quite uncalled for here, as there were nine heathen gathered about this point of interest, each with a handful of rocks ready to drop into the well to prove the depth. (Price twelve annas per rock.) If we had been in an investigating mood we would have cut down the actual depth of that well about three feet, but we positively declined to be convinced, unless they would throw our guide in and let us time his descent. Haroun Al Raschid (that was the guide) said this was impossible, as he had to be on deck when the sun came up because of religious obligations, at least this was near as we could get at it by the sign language.

Just about this time we became unconscious of all things, save the beauty of the scene, for the sun had touched the rugged peaks with a rosy glow, while we were still in the shadow. It was a breathless moment, and fortunately the guide had sense enough to keep quiet. Had he ventured to utter but one of those precious nine words just then the gates of Paradise would

have opened suddenly for him. By keeping our eyes on this glowing edge we could easily imagine the old volcanic fires were once more alight, and I caught myself looking timidly into the valley only to see the white, quiet town resting where once burned the awful volcano, which would have made Vesuvius look like the fire in the bedroom of an English hotel.

We watched the sun's rays come down the sides of the mountain, dispelling the mysterious shadows, which had haunted them. Watched the glorious light gild the minerets, while the priest chanted the morning prayer of "Lailaha ill Allah," followed by the Moslem "Te Deum Ladamus," which is so beautiful I must quote it here: "Praise to God, Sovereign of the universe, the merciful, the compassionate Sovereign at the day of judgment. It is Thou whom we adore. It is Thou of whom we implore Thy aid. Direct us in the straight path, in the narrow path of those whom Thou hast heaped with Thy benefits. Of those who have not deserved Thy wrath and who go not astray. Amen."

We drove down to the town from the tanks and found the dry-goods boxes, with the sides knocked out, open and ready for business. All sorts of unknown forrage was shown for sale, set out in fibre baskets and on grass mats, but I did not see one familiar thing except some rice and a few dates. All else was strange to me, and seemed to be a variety of dried split peas and onion seed. We also saw great round, cheese-shaped cakes, which we were told were sweets, but they looked more like a bad quality of glue mixed with Raritan River clay. It is a good thing December 25th has no significance for these people, for no sane child would forgo the pleasure of being bad for three months simply to get a stocking full of that stuff on Christmas morning.

The air was fragrant with an incense, which was burning in braziers held on tripods, and there was one of these in nearly every booth. I caught myself listening for the "Vobis Vobiscum." We visited the camel market and saw the beasts kneeling to be loaded and unloaded. The greatest commodity, seemingly, was a scrub brush. A camel with a load of this looks like an animated hay stack from a distance. This is sold for

firewood, and is very expensive, as it is brought from a great distance, and is peddled out in even smaller quantities than is usually dealt in by a Third-Avenue wood merchant.

The whole place is one great rock, and if by any chance some green thing in the way of a tree finds a crevice with soil enough to lodge in and take root they immediately fence it in and make a public park of it. I never saw such tender solicitude given to any inanimate thing before as was shown the trees at Aden. There were strange sights greeting us on all sides, and we had to threaten Abdul (we called him that, but I firmly believe his name was Sam Johnson, for he was just a plain, old-fashioned negro with a white sheet over his head and an un-Christian lingo) with swift and certain destruction, both here and hereafter, if he did not drive slowly so that we could see the show. At one place they were filling water barrels that were fitted on two-wheel carts drawn by camels hooked up between a pair of shafts, and I do not think I ever saw a more incongruous sight. A camel with a small warehouse full of dry-goods boxes piled on him, or even loaded with an ordinary ten cords of scrub brush is all right, but a camel in shafts just like a mean little kicking Alabama mule, is a libel on all our preconceived notions of what a camel should be, and, I for one, protest against it.

Another strange sight was the city rock crusher. The commercial spirit in me was immediately alive as soon as I saw the rock pile, but alas! there was no Babbitt metal used there, for instead of a "No. 6 Gates" they had about thirty natives picking up one stone and breaking another with it, unless they broke their hammer, in which case they hunted around (slowly) for another of suitable hardness and proper shape. Then came the loading into the camel carts, which was also a feature. This was done by picking up the broken stone, piece at a time, with the fingers, putting them gently into a mat about the shape and size of a Panama hat, and then dumping it carefully into the cart. You know, surely, "if time was money" these people would make Williams and Walker seem poverty-stricken.

We turned off from the main road at the rock crusher just as a caravan came in loaded with skin. These beasts had com-

pleted a journey of six days over the desert, and the sight of their destination must have been a welcome thing. We did not return to Steamer Point by the same route we came, but went through a series of three whitewashed tunnels cut through the solid rock. One of these was quite a third of a mile long and came out on the beach. Here another strange sight was presented. This was the sprinkling cart, and consisted of some half dozen boys with great pigskin bags, which they carried down into the sea, filled, slung over their shoulders and then ran along the road, flirting the open end from side to side. The job was done well, and quickly, strange to say.

The trip was ended, and I shall put it side by side with my visit to Zanzibar as being one to be thought about long years hence. We reached the ship just as the whistle blew and did not have any time to waste. We found the gangway surrounded by a gang of howling bumboat merchants with ostrich feathers in fans, plumes and boa's, shell necklaces, for which they asked five shillings and sold for one. Fibre work baskets, tobacco and cigarettes were also in stock. These people did a thriving business, as really good bargains were to be gotten, especially in the feather line, and the dining saloon looked like a Sixth-Avenue shop. I hurried up on deck after breakfast, for I did not want to loose one glimpse of the picturesque place. I amused myself with a glass for a time locating the fortifications. They are everywhere, and seem impregnable, perched as they are on inaccessible peaks. I am sure the corporal of the guard must use a balloon when he relieves post, for a goat could not climb to some of these sentry stations. This is a most important strategic position, second only to Gibraltar, and, of course, is owned and carefully guarded by England. It is also an important commercial post.

Our ship took on seven hundred tons freight, about half of which was the famous Mocha coffee, which is nearly all shipped from this port. It has a splendid harbor and is a port of call for nearly every vessel passing through the Red Sea. We threaded our way out from a bunch of English, French and German steamers and laid our course for the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and the Red Sea. Another dream of my childhood is

about to be realized, and I find myself giving reverent utterance to the words, "God is good, and I am specially blessed in many respects." We passed some of the most unusual formations during the first two hours after leaving Aden. At one place a peak came up out of the sea and formed a perfect picture of ruined Rhine Castle. There was the crumbling turret and time-worn battlements, and at one place what seemed to be the great banquet hall with the roof fallen in. I quite allowed myself to imagine it really was an old castle and had at one time been the stronghold of some old fire-worshiping Persian when they raided this country 2,600 years ago.

This castle-like formation was only one of the many strange freaks of the great upheaval. There were cone-like peaks, some of them with rakish tops, as if they had been out late the night before. Two or three looked as if they had gigantic Malay hats on, and these were positively funny. I watched the shore for miles as we steamed through the Gulf of Aden, and it was beautiful, but it was with a beauty of rugged sky lines and atmosphere tints, for when a cloud would throw a shadow on the mountain and dispel the gossamer web of color we saw only the barren, sun-scorched rock, utterly devoid of anything in the way of verdure. At 5:30 we passed through the Straits past the Island of Perim and were in the Red Sea. We could see the shores of Africa quite plainly, and the mountains on the Arabian coast were glorified by the rays of the setting sun. I never saw solid land look so unreal as these mountains did. Film-like clouds hung above them and it was impossible to tell which was the cloud, except by estimating the height. The sea was like a sheet of undulating glass, which caught the yellow and crimson glow of the western sky. The great African mountain peak of Raheiba, cone-shaped and 6,000 feet high, threw its shadow out over the water as the sun went down behind it. It was a scene long to be remembered, and I can understand why the devout Mohammedan gives utterance to the prayer, "Alhamdu lillah rabi il alamina." No one could look upon the world, as it appeared to-night, without a word of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RED SEA.

I slept late this morning, but came on deck in time to see the Island of Diebel Suikim, and this will be about the last land we will sight until Mount Sinai comes into view. We are in the great highway of the East. Steamships are constantly passing us outward bound to Indian or South African ports, and sometimes we overtake some slow cargo steamer and soon leave her behind.

We bid farewell to the Southern Cross this morning at 4:30, but our old friend, the "dipper," has taken its place, and the North Star is with us once more. Somehow I never feel far from home when I can see this particular star, and I suppose it has the same comforting influence upon every one living where it shines.

We passed not far from the famous port of "Jidda" to-day. This is where the vast hordes of the "faithful" land en route to Mecca, which lies inland about sixty miles from the coast. During the holy month (December, I think) over 25,000 Mohammedans make this trip for the purpose of securing the green sash. This is a sure passport to paradise, and gives them the right to become Mormons in the other world, without any interference from the United States.

We have quite a number of pilgrims on board going to Mecca by way of Suez. I am told there is a steady stream of these seekers of trouble (more wives than one) constantly moving toward this (to them) fountain of all good.

We are sailing along this most beautiful of summer seas; the weather superb and plenty of company in the way of ships and porpoises. These fish are very funny fellows. I often go out on the bow of the ship and watch them play under the forefoot. Sometimes a half dozen of these bad boys of the deep (they are always playing leap-frog) will dash in front of the ship's cutwater and go scurrying off in a regular game of tag. It is amusing to watch them turn and look over their shoulder, then leap clear of the water to get out of the way of

the monster pursuing them. This would go on for perhaps ten minutes, then they would shake their tails in farewell to us. About 8 P. M. we passed through a mass of sea phosphorescence, and while passing through a dozen or more porpoises kept ahead of the ship. These fish were literally clothed in a silver radiance which seemed to slip off them in the form of silver cords strung with diamonds. Every movement was distinct, and the effect was startling when they would leap clear of the water. The ship, in the meantime, was throwing out great furrows of molten, silver-like waves, and one could easily understand the Greek conception of Neptune and his silvery chariot. Given a long beard and trident and there is no telling to what length my imagination would have carried me.

This has been a restful day. Mr. Nicoll preached an interesting sermon this morning, first reading the 107th Psalm, and taking for his text, "They who go down to the sea in ships." He drew some clever word pictures of the sea, and offered up a sincere prayer of thanksgiving to God for our health and safety.

I have observed the phenomena of the Red Sea during the past three evenings and this morning at sunrise. It is truly a strange sight to note the waters assume a blood-red color during the after-glow at sunset and sunrise. Herr Sickel tells me it is generally conceded to be caused by a re-reflection of the desert sands. Two nights ago it would have been gruesome if it had not been so beautiful. The sea was smooth, except for a gentle swell, and one side of the small wavelets were literally blood red.

We had quite a pleasant entertainment last night in the dining saloon. Mr. De Villiers gave an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, mind-reading and spirit-writing on slates, which was extremely clever. People going to Cairo have begun to get together their baggage, and have been busy this afternoon packing up. The old ship will be deserted at Port Said, as nearly two-thirds of the passengers leave us there. We had a delightful farewell dinner this evening. Herr Wilken made a speech in German thanking the captain for his great courtesy and thoughtfulness, and presented him with a letter of kindly expression, signed by all the passengers. This was followed

by a happy speech in English on behalf of the English and American contingent by Mr. Gillison. The captain then replied, saying it had been one of the most pleasant voyages he has ever made, and expressed the hope that we would journey with him again before he finished his journeyings on the briny deep. Toasts to the ladies followed, and general good fellowship prevailed.

Late to-night we sighted the lighthouse at Ras Mohammed, the entrance to the Gulf of Suez, and we will be at the canal entrance by 9 o'clock to-morrow. I must get to bed promptly, as I will get up in the morning at 5 o'clock in hopes of seeing Mount Sinai as we pass.

I was up early this morning and called on Herr Boppleman, only to find we had passed Mount Sinai about two hours before. Of course I could not have seen it if I had been on deck, for it was still dark, unless some of the lightning which played such a prominent part in the world's history some years since had been in evidence. Herr Boppleman was kind enough to let me examine the chart showing the depth of water and distances at this place. We figured out that the children of Israel must have left the Egyptian coast at Ras aba Baka and landed on the Sheratib shoals, as this was the most likely place, but if they did get over here there must have been a St. Louis cyclone blowing in the way of an east wind for at least two weeks, to back up thirty-six fathoms of water.

We ran in quite close to the African shore and watched the light of Zafarana flash out its warning—our "pillar of fire" to guide us to safety. Both shores are plainly visible and show abrupt headlands jutting out into the gulf from the African side and a low, level beach with range of hills in the background on the Arabian side. I was much amused this morning by an incident which I think is worth telling. I have been up early and late for the last week or so because there was so much to see, and I thought perhaps I would not wake up in time this morning, so I told the night steward to call me about a quarter of an hour before sunrise. Fortunately, I went to bed with a feeling of uncertainty regarding the reliability of our German friend, and in consequence I awoke with the first

rays of the morning peeping into my port. It was really later than I supposed because the lower sky was hazy and the sun was up when I came on deck. I stayed up for about half an hour and went below for a heavier coat, as I had gotten chilled. As I was coming down the companionway I met the steward and asked why he did not call me. He looked plaintively at me for a moment and said: "Der sohn dit nod goom oop ris morgen, it vas gloudy yet." Under the circumstances I could not have gotten angry, even if the offence had been much greater.

I was surprised to note the change in temperature which had taken place during the night. Yesterday every one was wearing white clothes and it is cold enough for an overcoat this morning, but the sky is clear as crystal and the air is tonicy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUEZ AND THE DREAMLAND.

At 8:30 we were at anchor off Tewfic Point, which is the port of Suez, and forms the left bank of the entrance to the canal. There is a fine anchorage here and a number of vessels are in port waiting their turn to go through. In fact, two troop ships—one English and one French—passed into the canal just as we came to anchor, and I know there were happy hearts on board because of thoughts of home and loved ones waiting to welcome the exiles. I have only been away from my native land seven months and feel as if I would give a leg to see something at home, even if it was only the waterfront of Jersey City, whilst these lads have been away three years, and perhaps longer. Several people made arrangements to leave us and go on to Cairo from here by rail, but at the last moment all decided to go on to Port Said, except our two American friends, Major Clark, Mr. Sheardown and Mr. Jervice. No one went on shore to visit, as the town is quite a distance from the landing and our stay short. There is really but little to

see, as the town is modern in every particular, it having been only a very insignificant Arab settlement before the canal was cut through, and every trace of it has disappeared. Date trees seem numerous, and there is much green around the two towns, which makes a vivid contrast to the verdureless stretch of sand to be seen everywhere, and the ribbed and barren fronts of the mountains facing the bay.

The canal people brought a complete electric light apparatus on board and fixed a powerful searchlight on the bow, and also sent pilots to take charge of the ship. The regular ship's officers are relieved of all responsibilities during the passage, although they were on the bridge, as it is an interesting piece of navigation. We got up anchor at 1:30 P. M. and were soon threading our way between the red and black buoys marking the channel. Until we were well into the canal these buoys were very close together, and I noticed lights were burning, red on black and green on red, although it was midday. Herr Boppleman tells me they burn continually, and that acetylene gas is used. We passed a miserable looking settlement just before we entered the canal, and were fortunate enough to see a caravan of some thirty camels resting. It looked like one of the Eastern pictures which always seem so unreal. This is, beyond a doubt, the most interesting bit of uninteresting scenery in the world. A little two by six breakwater defines the entrance, which opens out into a wide stretch of shallow water beyond. This is dredged and the canal marked for perhaps half a mile, and then we found the sand, which had been taken out of the canal proper, banked up on either side from ten to thirty feet. "Wash walls" of stone are built to prevent the swirl of water from passing steamers cutting away the banks, but they had given way in many places and presented a very ragged appearance. An endless expense for dredging, and we could see our back-wash scooping out buckets full of sand and carrying it to the bottom. This must mean an awful expense for dredging, and I could not help thinking that Pharaoh would have made a better job of it had it been built in his day.

We passed through the Little Bitter Lake early in the afternoon and were in the midst of the Great Bitter Lake when the

sun went down. The latter is a splendid stretch of water and gave us one more, and I suppose our last, view of a real glorious red sunset.

"Royal the pegeant closes, lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ashes of roses, cinnamon, unber and dun."

With it all, the purple hills in the distance and the blood-red stretch of water. I watched the last ray of light leave the sky before going to dinner, because I felt it was farewell to the East.

We entered Lake Timash about 10 o'clock and saw the lights of Ismali. This is the juncture of the railroad going to Cairo, and is something of a town, but it was dark and we could not see anything except the lights. The canal makes two sharp turns here, forming almost a right-angle triangle at the first and making a sharp turn into the original course about a mile further on. Here the banks are very high and there are several clusters of huts, from the midst of which a light would sometimes flash, showing they were inhabited. I am sorry we did not get here during the day, for it is an interesting place. The old caravan trail crossed here, over which the camels of Egypt and Syria bore their burdens of merchandise for thousands of years, and beyond a doubt the Queen of Sheba came this way on her visit to Solomon. In those days the wealth of the world, moved from East to West, and now it goes from North to South, and instead of the ship of the desert, with its paltry burden of a few hundred pounds, it is the ship of the sea with its thousands of tons which finds its way across these dreary sand wastes, and the "gold of Ophir" is shipped from Durban and Delagoa Bay, and "Ophir" is now called "the Transvaal."

Mental pictures sweep before me which are positively bewildering when I stop to think I have been looking over the land which gave birth to all the most cherished traditions. That just near here Hagar watched the same yellow sun go down and looked out over this same stretch of sand, and these same night winds carried her prayers to the listening ear of

her God. That just here Darius camped with his countless host when he moved his army against Nebuchadnezzar, and the monument stones brought by his people at that time mark the spot to-day. That just beyond the ruins of "Tel abu Sez," and what is left of the Temple of Isis, built by Ramises the Second. Less than sixty miles to the west is the monument he built for himself, which has outlasted the temple he built to his God. Sleep was impossible, and I spent the night in the waking dream, seeing visions of things long past and of people long since dead, but whose names will live forever. Daylight came at last and brought me up out of the Dreamland I had been wandering in for hours. The pictures were slow to leave the mental vision, and would doubtless have lingered yet a little longer had I not seen an American windmill whirling in the most matter-of-fact and business-like twentieth century manner. For one moment I half believed I had been asleep and dreamed indeed, and was at home, for in the dim light of the early dawn the desert looked much like a stretch of Kansas prairie land, but the sun came up and showed the same sea of sand it had shown on last night, except that Port Said was just ahead of us with its cluster of date palms to mark the water works at the end of the fresh water canal, which comes from the Nile and supplies the city.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PORT SAID.

We had moored by 8 o'clock and I had made the rounds, saying good-bye to the good people who were leaving us here for Cairo. The Parson, Mr. and Miss Gillison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sichel, the Doctor's pretty student of German (poor fellow, how he will miss her, and she—well, it is sad, but such is life on a liner), and many others whom we are sorry to part from. Lieutenant Head, with his jolly laugh and his "I mean to say," will not be the least of these by any means, although I

found him insufferable at first. His fun was genuine, and some of his wit worth recording. Last night, for instance, I remarked to him that our friend, the famous hunter, seemed to be quite successful with other game besides lions and rhino and buffalo. Quick as a flash came the reply, "Yes, I see he has captured a giraffe." I might mention, in passing, that the lady is quite tall, in fact she stood beside the foremast the other day and there was only six inches difference in the two shadows. Head declared the longest one belonged to the lady, but there he was wrong.

Mr. Clissold and I hurried off the ship and were the first on shore. We were beset by the usual drove of would-be guides, and would have been pestered to death, no doubt, but I bought a red fez and I think they mistook me for one of their number with a victim in tow, for they let us alone afterward. We walked down to the end of the jetty and inspected the statute of De Lesep. It is a grand piece of work, and the attitude superb. The left hand holds the charter and the right points the way he was opened to the world, whereby the ships from Europe to India and the far East can save 4,000 miles.

On our way back to the town we stopped and watched some fishermen make a cast with a net, but they were not as successful as the little company which cast their net at the command of the Master on the waters of Galilee one morning two thousand years ago, for these people only gathered in about half a bushel of what looked like smelts. After leaving our fishermen we came upon a group of four children playing jacks, and watched them some minutes before they knew we were near. When they looked up and saw us you would have thought they were little brown chickens with the shadow of a hawk over them, or a gang; of Park Row newsboys playing craps when a bluecoat comes on the scene. They left the jack stones and watched us from a safe distance until we were well away.

We hired a team and drove out through the native quarters, and for ramshackle, lop-sided, bespatched habitations this place is the worst I have ever struck. The first impression is that the houses had fallen down and an earthquake had come along and shaken them into place again. There are, however, many

fine buildings and many more in course of construction in the "new town," and there is a general air of prosperity about the place. We drove out to the water works and drank some of the Nile water, but decided that we much prefer a good brand of Munchener or Budweiser for a regular thing. Our enjoyment of it was purely sentimental, in that it was of about the same consistency as the Mississippi mixture at St. Louis. There is a station on the railroad just beyond the water works and we waited there to bid our friends bon voyage. When the train stopped I rapped on the window of one of the coaches and called out "all tickets, please." The Parson looked out and mistook me for one of the railroad officials, because of my red hat, and began to hustle for his pasteboard. There was another hearty hand-shake and exchange of good wishes and then the final good-bye. Mr. Clissold and I turned away rather sadly, for we felt the old ship would seem deserted when we returned. Coming back from the waterworks we passed through the market and I could not resist the tomatoes which were shown—big fat fellows like they grow in Anne Arundel, so I held up my imperial chariot and bought five pounds for six pence, which Mr. Clissold and I enjoyed very much for our lunch and dinner.

Port Said seems to be rather a tough joint. We were assailed on all sides to buy filthy French pictures and go where we would witness a Seely dinner dance, but I have seen enough of this sort of thing, and Mr. Clissold is a deacon of the church, so we declined this part of the show.

We came on board about 11 A. M. to find the ship all wrought up over a wholesale robbery. Some one had unlocked the cabin door and trunks of Mr. Sterling and Mr. Wilkins and relieved the one of twenty-five and the other of one hundred pounds in gold. This is a great pity, as it has thrown a gloom over the whole ship and spoiled, in a measure, what would otherwise have been a delightful trip. I heard of the clean sweep soon as I reached the ship, but did not feel worried, personally, for they would not have gotten more than about 37 cents if they had cleaned me out. At 12:30 we slipped our cable and laid our course for Naples. In four days our journey

will be ended, and by far the most interesting trip I have ever made will be finished.

Just here let me say a good word for the good ship "Burgermeister," her genial captain and courteous officers. The ship is a jolly old craft, steady and reliable, as a right and proper Burgemeister should be. The staterooms are large and well looked after, comfortable baths and good barber service. A bright and airy dining saloon and excellent table, with courteous stewards in attendance giving prompt service. This condition does not prevail in the first-class only. I was all through the second and third-class quarters also, and found everything well cared for, with plenty of good food well served, and no one can justly complain. Captain Zemlin is a prince of good fellows, having the comfort and pleasure of his passengers constantly in mind. He is called upon to answer the usual silly questions from time to time, which would exasperate any less kindly man, but his good humor and patience seem inexhaustible. He is a sharp contrast to Captain McKay, of the Cunard Line. McKay was standing forward one morning whilst we were on the banks in a heavy fog, looking as if his dinner had not even begun to digest, when a dear little New York belle, who could not read weather signs, but who had been used to having men get dizzy at the sound of her voice, ranged up alongside and asked: "Is it always foggy on the banks of the Newfoundland?" He looked at her a moment, about as I fancy a hippo would look at a poor little timid gazelle, if it had the temerity to ask if the hippo ever smiled, for instance, and then he bellowed out, "I don't live here," and his voice sounded like an extra blast of the fog horn. Now, had this been our gallant Captain Zemlin I am sure he would have left the bandmaster at this point in an open boat, without water or food, giving him instructions to take careful observations and report. (I do not know how to write, "I wish to the Lord he would," in Latin, so you are hereby saved the trouble of working out a translation.)

I was going to close my remarks about the captain with the hope that his shadow may never grow less, but will wish him many successful voyages instead. Herr Bosselman is another jolly good fellow, full of "old salt" stories of days before the

mast on American sailing ships, when he had to walk the deck during his watch, furl the royal alone, split the sails at night, which he had helped patch and mend the day before; sleep in a wet bunk, eat salt horse and sing, "Times are hard and the wages low, leave her Johnny, leave her," when the cruise was ended.

It has been my good fortune to have Herr Bosselman at my table, and many a short, crisp, well-told story of the sea has helped to make the dinner hours seem short. I am sure every one on board joined me in the hope that he will soon have another gold stripe on his arm and that some of us may have the good fortune to sail with him when he commands a ship. Let me also say a good word for Herr Ronde, the chief engineer, to whom I am specially indebted for a pleasant visit to the engine-room. I found everything as bright as the chief's own sunny smile, and every one must appreciate the care and attention he has given to the "heart of the ship." May his life run as smooth as do his engines. And the Herr Doctor. May the gods and the goddesses of the sea, especially the latter, watch over him, both because of his talents as a teacher of German to pretty Yankee school marms, and a teller of illustrated stories to the poor, stupid men, who record the evidence of their stupidity in shorthand, but that will be told later.

You will see that several lines have been scratched out here. I wrote them on the impulse of the moment, but found they were quite unfit for publication. The cause of it was this: Just as I finished saying nice things about the doctor my ears were startled by a most unearthly, but quite usual, sound, and my first impression was that our band was going to give an extra morning concert on the lower deck. The illusion was further borne out by the rush of feet past my cabin, because the band's beginning is a signal for people to seek the dark and silent places of the ship. My cabin was smelling of sulphur and I hurried on deck to find what I had mistaken for an effort to produce the Washington Post March was, in reality, a call to boat drill, and all the boats were swinging clear of the ship, ready to take on board their quota of passengers if it was necessary to abandon ship. I am sorry I was not on deck so

I could have seen the assembly of men and recorded the time. But in the excitement of the band and boat drill I must not forget to mention the other officers and the stewards, stewardess, and crew of our good ship. We all join in a hearty wish for their welfare and happiness. I will even venture to include the band in the general good wish, although it is the cause for me having to do penance for the next six months.

CHAPTER XXX.

"AUF WIEDERSEHN."

At 11 A. M. the headland of Captain Spartivento broke through the mist, and we soon had a fine view of the rugged mountain range of Aspromonti. It is scarred by the fires that formed it and seamed by the floods which have swept down its gorges since it has been. The mountains come right down to the sea, and the little hamlets dotting the coast are very picturesque. The town of Melito is quite large and seemingly well built, with a splendid church structure near the highest point. Just here I noticed what first had the appearance of being a grand river, but I discerned it was the dry bed of a mountain stream, which must sweep down it with mighty force when the snow melts in the springtime and when the mid-summer floods come. They have built this wall from the edge of the ravine to the sea, so as to confine the water to its course. Later on I counted some twenty of these dry courses. When we came on deck after lunch we could see the outlines of Ætna, and it was not long before its snow-clad and smoke-covered summit was in full view. It was a sublime sight, and held us unconscious of the chill wind which swept down its sides and across the water to us. I turned away only when I had gotten chilled to the bone, and then was back again as soon as I could get my teeth to stay together. In the meantime we were running close to the mainland and could note the line of railroad which winds around the little inlets, into tunnels cut

through the spurs jutting into the sea, over the bridges built across the dry river-bed, following the coast line and connecting the little town with the great world to the north and carrying their wines and olives and fish to the market of Naples, and thence to the whole world. The face of the mountain seems to be cultivated to the summit. This is done by terrace work, like it is on the Rhine, and the green vines covering the broken surface and toning down the shadows by the many and deep gorges, together with the white birds'-nest like houses, made a picture quite sufficient to bring us back promptly after we had looked for a while at cloud-draped Ætna. We were soon abreast of Reggio and found the mountain range had receded just here, leaving a half saucer-like formation, in which the town is built. An old walled castle seems to be the center of the town, while some very large buildings command a view from a rock-like eminence. Heavy fortifications are to be traced along the coast from Cape Del Armi to beyond Schylla, and could entertain an enemy that tried to pass the Straits. Just back of Melito there is a rock formation which is most unique. It goes up like the sentinel rock in the Yosemite and nestled at its very base is the quaintest of villages. Some one tells me it is deserted, but I do not believe this can be, for the buildings look as if they were well cared for. At 4:30 we were just between Schylla and Charybdis, having enjoyed a splendid view of white-walled Messina.

Now, I shall not weary you with the detailed story of my future journeying. You know how my heart was thrilled when I passed almost within the shadows of Mount Ida and when I gazed upon the snow-clad summit of Ætna. Then came the saphire-tinted, diamond-crested waters in the Straits of Messina; old Strombilo, its sides and crown marked by the fires of countless ages and still active.

The next morning I watched the smoke gather as a bridal veil about the head of Vesuvius, whilst the sun lifted the shadows of the night from the beautiful Bay of Naples, throwing a halo even over the grim St. Elmo. I am almost tempted to tell you something of our climb to the summit of "hell's main smokestack" and of the wonderful view which lay spread

beneath us, but brilliant writers have dealt with this and it would be presumption for me to even express a thought on the subject. The following day we walked the streets of Pompeii, viewing with interest the marks of time which tell us this city was old, old, old long before the rush of ashes blotted it out from amongst the cities of the world. The worn fountain rims, ruts cut deep in the stone by chariot wheels, and last of all, what seems the justification for its destruction (I refer to the vile pictures and statuary which adorned the homes of the wealthy Pompeiina, many of which are still shown with colors as fresh as if they had been painted but recently, and marble as white as if it had just been carved). What a pity such immortal work should be so utterly immoral. It is a relief to turn my thoughts from the "dead city," with its sad memories, to beautiful Capri and that rarest of all earthly bits of coloring, the "blue grotto." When one leaves it the question arises in the mind, was it not a dream? Can anything be so beautiful and real? A stop for a few minutes at dear old Sorrento, where twenty-odd years ago a little dark-eyed beauty sang my heart away from me whilst she leaned from one of the quaint old windows overlooking the sea. I could have gone to the same window and have gotten sentimental over it, but there was another dark-eyed one that was still more beautiful. She had made a latter conquest of my fickle heart and I had to reserve my sentiment, although the aforesaid dark-eyed beauty was having desperate love made to her just then by a good looking German lieutenant.

A few days in Rome, where I again feasted my eyes on the marvels of the Sistine Chapel and the glories of St. Peter's; touched reverently the bronze foot partly worn away by the lips of the faithful as they press them to it murmuring a prayer; down into the gloom of the Marmatine prison, where Peter and Paul lay chained; out by the Appian way to the spot where "Quo Vaids Domine" was spoken; back to the ruins of the Coliseum; then through crumbling arches of the palace of Tiberius and the halls of a later palace built over the forgotten and wholly buried ruins of the former; the hundred marble steps which brought about the Reformation and changed

the religion of the world; the tomb of Hadrian overlooking the Tiber and the spot where Horatio stood when he "plunged headlong in the tide." The fountain of Treve and its basin, into which we tossed a penny, hoping, and in a measure believing, in the superstition that fate will bring about the return to Rome of any one who throws a coin into the mystic fount.

Farewell to Rome, and a prayer that we may come back again some day, for after all it is the "heart of the world." A short stay in Florence and a visit to the Medici Chapel, that holds the greatest collection of rare mosaics in the world, I suppose; a moment by the Arno and on to Milan; a glimpse of the cathedral and of De Vinci's great work; a dash through Switzerland, past snow-clad Pilatus and the Rigi, gleaming ghost-like in the winter sun; down through the plains of Alsace and Lorraine; on to gay little Brussels; then to brilliant Paris; from thence to smoky old London; a day in Glasgow; another in Edinburgh, where I stood with bowed head for a moment at the tomb of Scott. A few days later I stood on the deck of the Etruria, saying farewell to a number of good friends who had come down to the dock to bid us "god-speed for home."

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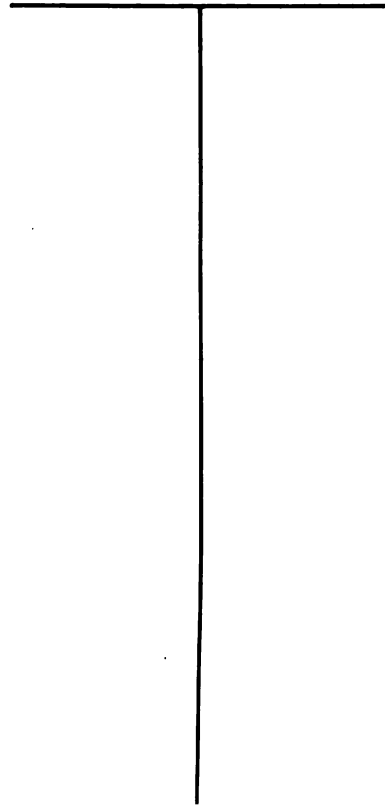

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